MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
Vol. 11 No. 2 50p

BRITAIN'S TOP-SELLING MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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A YORKSHIRE LASS UNLACED

GORGEOUS GEORGE:
WRESTLING'S
DEMON DOCTOR

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THE LATEST JAGUAR

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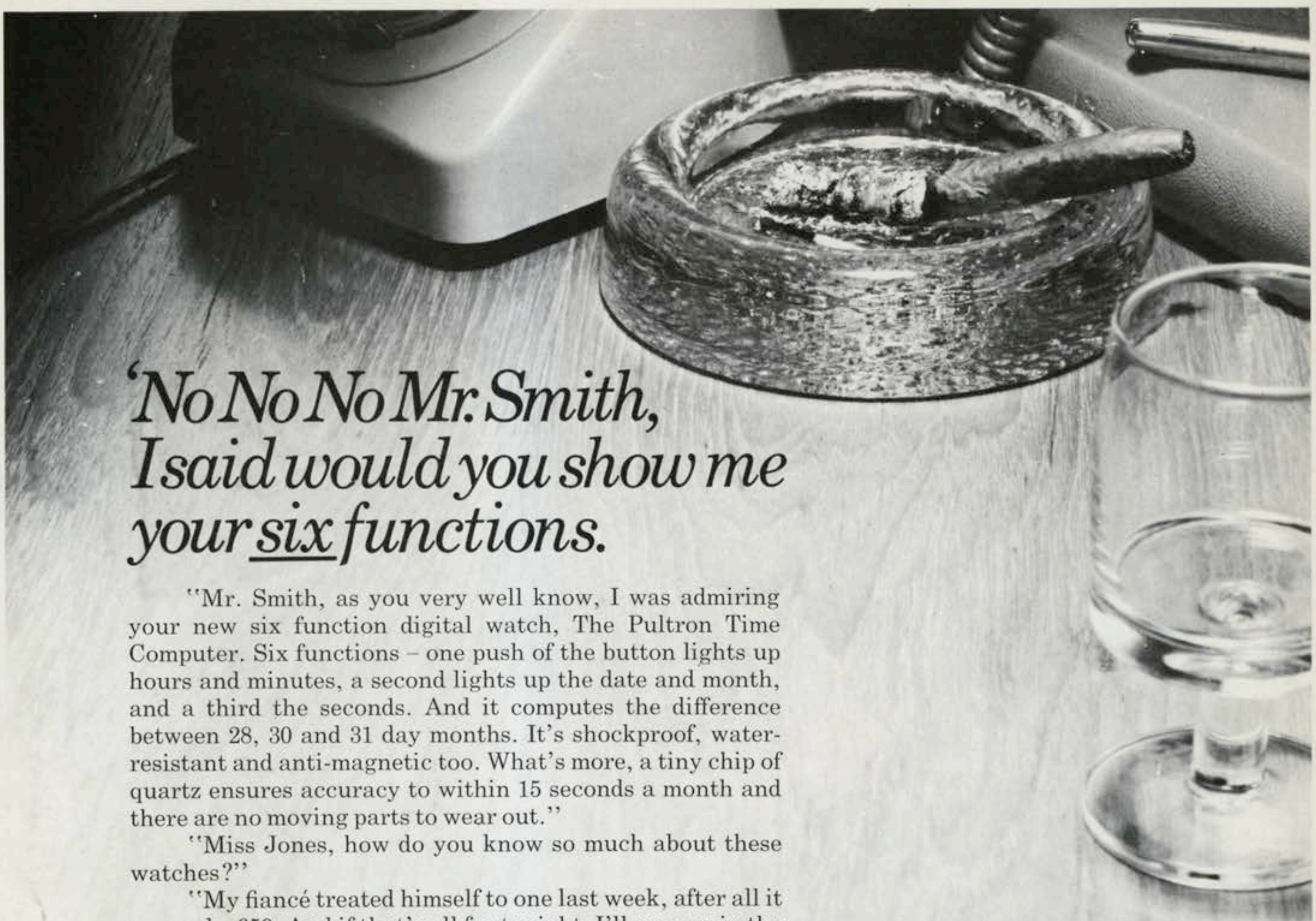

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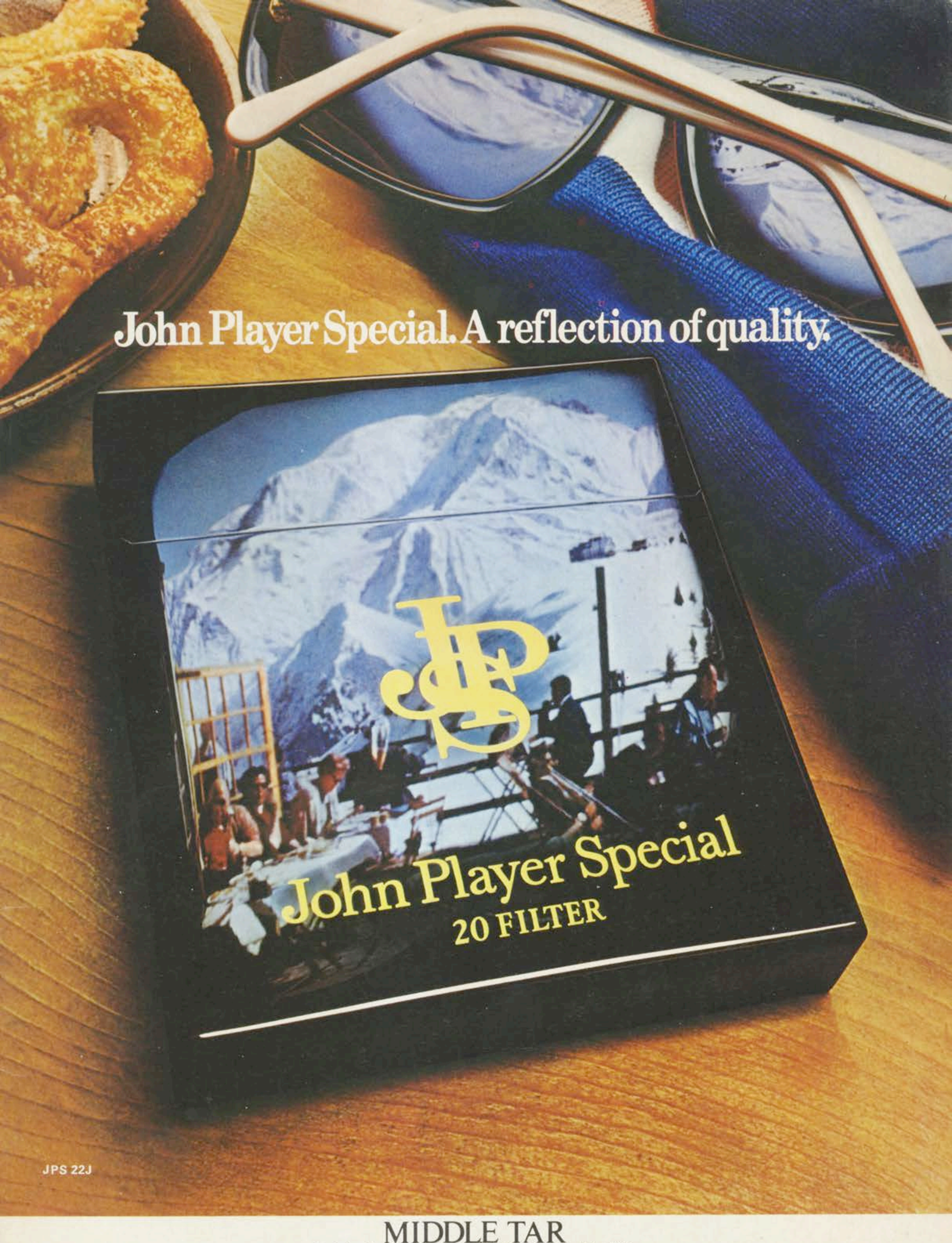
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MIDDLE TAR
As defined in H. M. Government Tables published in May 1975.
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

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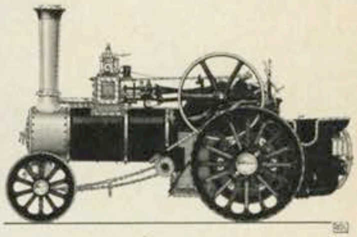

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LAST CHANCE FOR '76

Mayfair's 1976 Colour Calendar

Sultry Viola Nilsson, (above), is just one of the girls you won't be getting your hands on if you miss out on *Mayfair's* fabulous colour calendar. This'll be your very last chance to order one as our stocks are rapidly diminishing and this ad won't be appearing again. We've got together twelve colour pictures of some of the most sensational girls ever to appear in the magazine and readers who have already received their calendars have written to tell us that our selection is out of this world. Our calendars come for just £1.25, fully inclusive of post and packing, and are sent to you in a plain, crease free wrapper. So don't leave it another moment. Send your order off now and prepare yourself for a really great 1976. Our girls are just ready and waiting to drop in at your place.

Send your orders, please, to: Calendar '76, Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me..................copies of the 1976 Mayfair Calendar. I enclose cheque/postal order for

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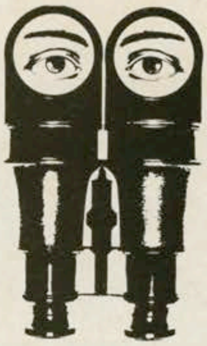
SCENE

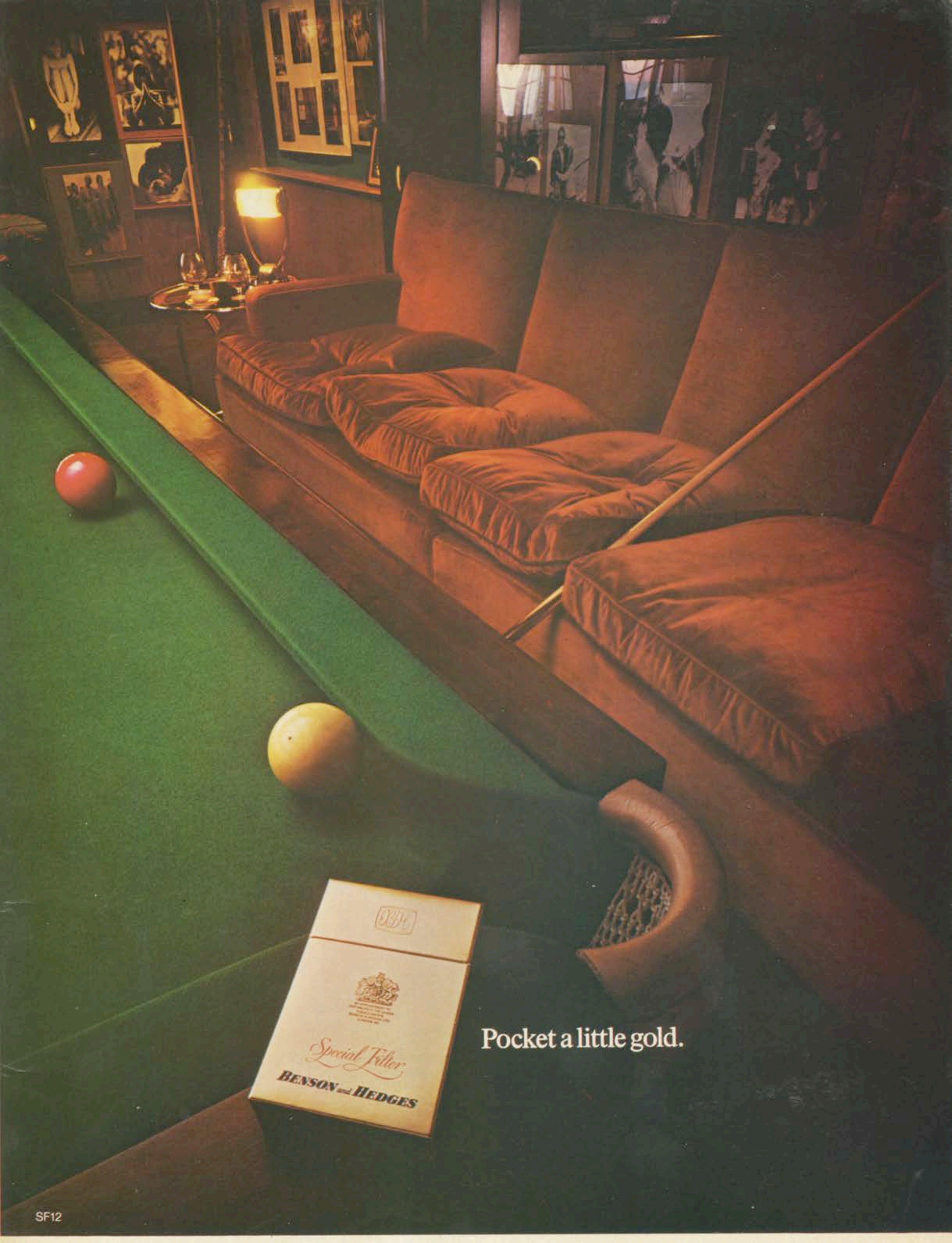


Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Our pictorial on page 44 of the stunning Marina Langner – you'll recall she came second in the Miss World contest last November – represents a real breakthrough for us. When we heard a nude set of Marina was available, the wires were red-hot for 24 hours before we clinched it. Gone are the days when Miss World contestants were chaperoned more closely than inmates of a maximum security wing, thus making any form of contact virtually impossible. In those days of yore, any mention of nude photographs would have brought on an attack of the vapours. We well remember a relatively discreet yet extremely sexy pictorial we ran some seven years ago of another girl who fared well in Miss World. She was Miss Guyana, she finished third and her name was Shakira Baksh – though she's better known now as Mrs Michael Caine. We wonder how Marina's fortunes will have fared seven years hence.

Regular readers will know that 'classic stories' are a constant source of amusement to us. We came across another recently concerning an ageing, effete and blue-rinsed gentleman, nattily attired in various shades of lavender who was travelling down Park Lane on a number 2 bus. As the bus drew up outside the Hilton, our friend got off, but inadvertently left behind his rather splendid antique silver-topped cane leaning against his seat. The bus conductor, a caustic-witted Cockney, grabbed the stick and bellowed out: 'Oi, Fairy, you've forgotten yer wand!' This naturally caused much mirth among the other passengers and it was heightened even more when blue-rinse minced back, reclaimed his cane, waved it limp-wristed over the conductor's head and hissed: 'Turn to shit!' This, we're assured, is an authentic story, but as with all really priceless tales, we have received differing versions. Funny how word gets around, isn't it?

Before Christmas, Capital Radio, one of London's two commercial stations, ran a contest to find the 'Cleverest Model in London'. Winner of the fur-coat first prize was our own *Mayfair* supergirl Geraldine Hinchcliffe, whose appearance enlivened our Vol 10 No 4. Go to jail, do not pass Go, do not collect £200 all of you who still cling to the old image of dumb-blonde models. Today's girls, as we invariably discover when interviewing them, are about as dim as a bank of flood-lights, a sentiment with which Brenda Parsons would certainly agree. Bounteous Brenda hails from Huddersfield, whose local football team the Prime Minister supports avidly, and came into our orbit with the arrival of some colour snaps at our office. They'd been taken by Brenda's boyfriend, who reckoned very unselfishly that Brenda's eye-catching 38D–26–37 should be shared by our readers. Quite right too, of course, why keep a good thing to yourself? We reproduce one of Brenda's 'home photos', left, *pour*, if you like, *encourager les autres*. Which, translated from the Greek, means 'don't hesitate to send us photos of the girls in *your* life'. You never know but the next girl we rave about *might* just turn out to be a friend of yours.


Special Filter
BENSON and HEDGES
Pocket a little gold.
SF12

MIDDLE TAR As defined by H.M. Government
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Among all the lands girdled by the sea, rich pastures are rare, but nowhere as rare as in the Ionian Isles.

Son of Odysseus, King of Ithaca.

GREECE
CORFU
IONIAN ISLES
ATHENS
RHODES
CRETE

When Odysseus left Ithaca for the Trojan War, he could never have guessed how long he would be away.

As Homer recounts in his classic work, 'The Odyssey', twenty long years passed by, a separation from his beloved homeland that must have been painful indeed.

Today, the visitor will find the fable of Odysseus' perilous journey home somehow eminently plausible.

The post-Trojan storm. The lure of the Lotus-Eaters' flower food. The terrifying Cyclops and the cannibalistic Laestrygones. The beautiful but dangerous witch Circe. And the literally fatal attraction of the singing Sirens.

One can imagine Odysseus surviving these perils and more, just to once again taste the idyllic pleasures of life on the Ionian Isles.

The most northern and most famous is Corfu, where Odysseus first landed on his return. And for this weary traveller, it must have been a wondrous sight.

Startlingly green and fertile, it boasts a kaleidoscope of diversions. A capital overflowing with tall, arcaded houses and graceful colonnades, as well as wine and song. Breathtaking views. Countless secluded sands, overhung by wooded mountains. And sport from golf to cricket.

To the south lie the historical sites and exquisite embroideries of Lefkas, and the rugged coastline of Ithaca itself, its 'Grotto of the Nymphs' proving a magnet for the curious.

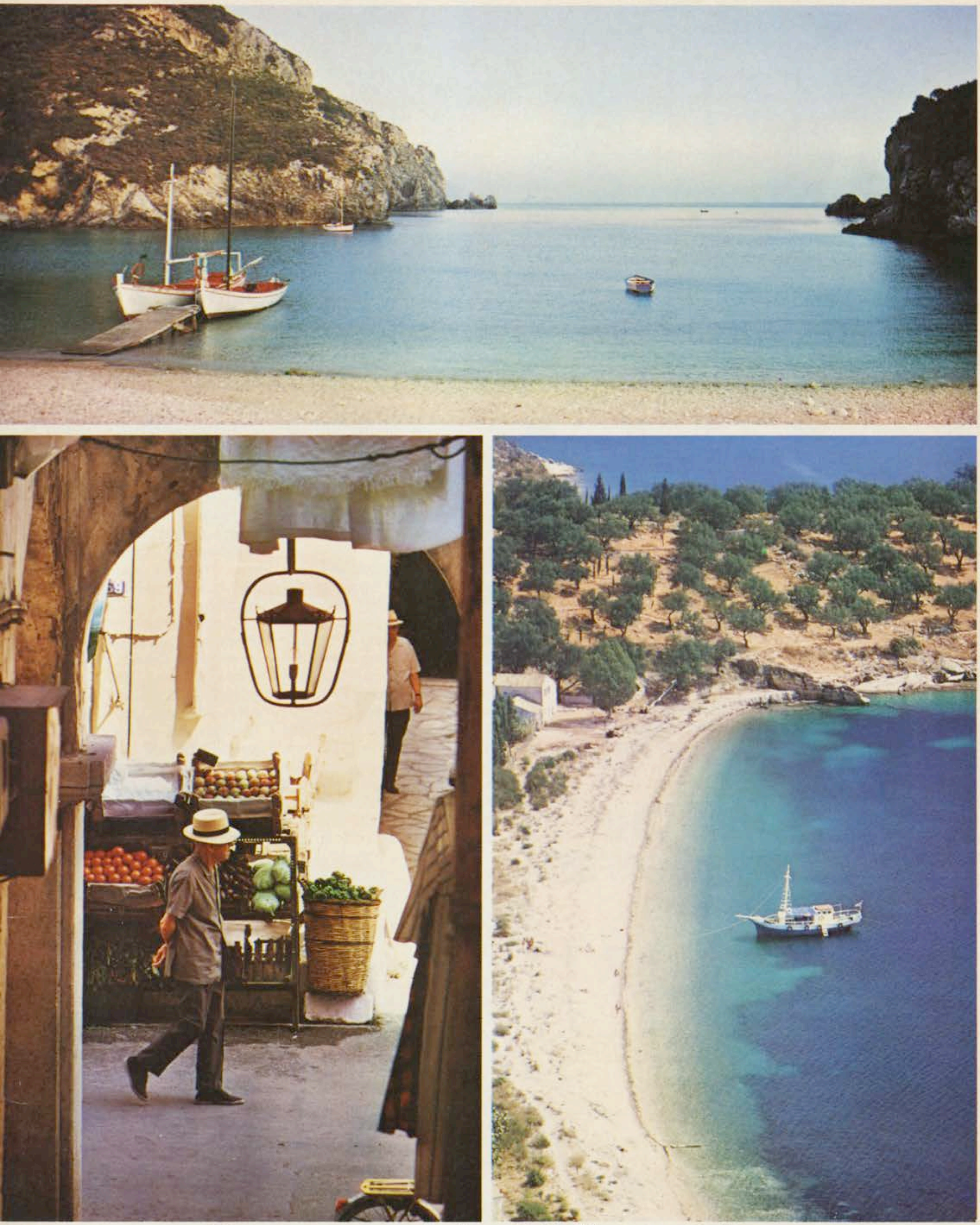
Beyond them, mountainous, sprawling, pine-covered Kefalinia tempts the tourist with marvellous beaches, glass-clear sea, stunning cave-lakes and the amazing, unexplained, perpetual-motion rock at Kounopetra.

Whilst Zakinthos, the garden island, justly deserves the title 'Flower of the Levant'.

Each island is as different from the next as it is from the last. Yet each share a quality common to all Greece. A Mediterranean paradise of today holding the mythological and historical memories of yesterday.

Your travel agent can show you the enormous choice of Grecian adventures, or write to: The National Tourist Organisation of Greece, 195-7 Regent Street, London W1. Or call 01-734 5997/8/9.

And if you begin your Grecian 'Odyssey' on one of the beautiful Ionian Isles, you'll be happy in the knowledge that we've cut Odysseus' twenty-year journey down to just three hours.


Greece and the Hellenic Isles.
They're closer than you think.

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Cassette, 8-track or reel

Simply bring this coupon to your nearest Tandy Store. In exchange we will allow you 30p off the regular price of any Tandy Blank Tape. Any type, any size. How's that for an offer?

CASH IN ON THIS GREAT TANDY OFFER TODAY!

Please complete all boxes in block capitals.

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COUNTY POSTCODE

Voucher holders must be over 16 years of age. One only per person.
Offer expires 28th Feb. 1976.
Personal callers only.
Offer subject to availability.

LETTERS

This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Only those letters bearing the name and full address of the writer can be used but all requests for anonymity will be upheld and name and addresses reduced to initials and town on request. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I have recently seen a new kind of children's book called 'Scratch and Sniff', or something along those lines.

The idea is simple: a chemical version of the smell of, for example, an orange, has been impregnated into the paper. Simply scratch the picture of the orange and you'll find yourself actually smelling the fruit pictured before you. I was wondering if this could be incorporated into *Mayfair* perhaps in the 'Girl of the Month' feature. Armpits, feet . . . the mind boggles at the possibilities. I might add that your sales would double overnight.

N T, Egham, Surrey

It's most regrettable that I feel compelled to take up valuable letters page space. The reason? A word appearing in the erotic ode Vol 10 No 9. The word in question 'bra'.

To my knowledge all tits were free-falling and no one knew about bras in the third century BC. The 'bra' that slipped in must be the translator's diversion, don't you think?

S H V, Sweden

Quite right. As everyone knows it was not until the early 1900s that Otto Titzling got round to inventing the brassière. Before that women had no need of it . . . the corset had sufficed from 2000 BC until then as the main means of improving the female figure. The corset was so constructed that it could give a slim waist and support but not cover the breasts.

The Miss World competition is over for another year and yet again it has not passed without both scandal and criticism. Whether you find it glamorous, boring or downright offensive, it nevertheless attracts big money and bigger audiences.

For my part I see no harm in girls capitalising on their natural charms in this way – good luck to them. Male Chauvinist pig that I am, I enjoy looking at beautiful girls and am all for anything that removes any pangs of conscience I may have about doing so. Long may Miss World and all other contests continue.

My only criticism is over the question of dress. The national dress section is, in my opinion, the best part of the contest, being both colourful and unique. The evening dress section is also good, being both modern and stylish. But the swimwear parade is now a total non-event.

Shoes, at least, seem to have gone out of fashion, and that is most welcome. But when oh when will one piece swimsuits suffer the same fate?

The very first year the contest was run bikinis were both allowed and worn. They were subsequently prohibited as some countries objected. Surely none now hold any such objections? Indeed, one in seven of the contestants this year in the national dress section displayed a bare midriff.

None of these girls would think twice about wearing a bikini on a beach. So why not during the contest? Bikinis would at least help to uplift the contest for the rest of the 1970s and add an extra spark of interest to a flagging institution.

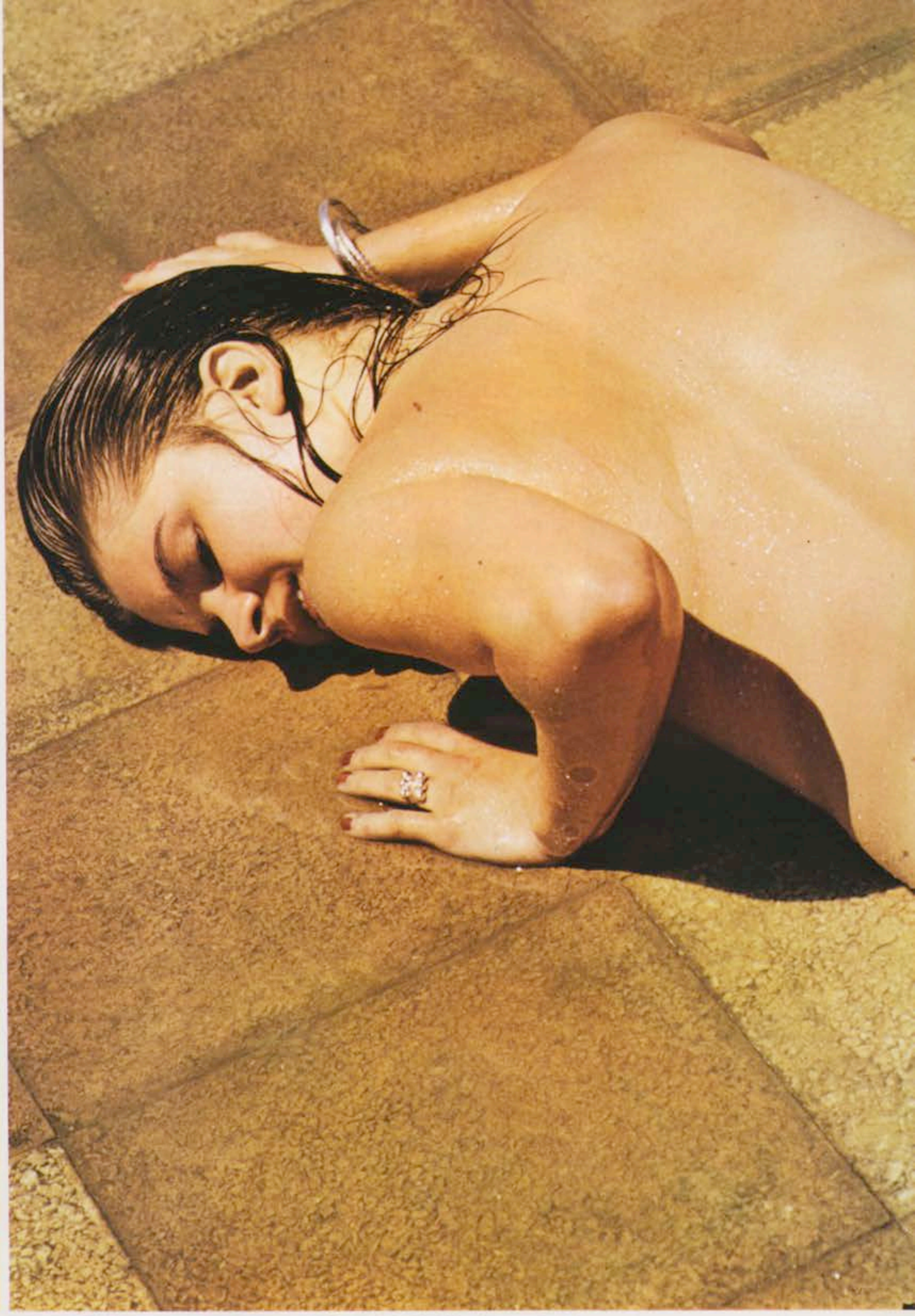
P H, Liverpool

Well, P H, it's obvious that you just want to see more of the girls. In that case, turn to page 44 where you'll spy the nudest runner-up to Miss World (Miss Germany, Marina Langner) that you're likely to see for a long time!

As an American subscriber to your wonderful magazine, I am deeply impressed. You have by

turn to page 102

INGA



When it comes to the subject of men, Inga Britt knows what she likes. 'A man's got to look like a man . . . he mustn't be feminine in any way,' she says with a quiet determination which is enough to put lesser males off. Not that these days Inga has all that much time for men, not now she's etched out for herself a highly successful modelling career. 'Oh go on,' she say, 'if I find a man who really takes my fancy then I'll *find* time. There's only one stipulation . . . he's got to be manly, not necessarily all that good looking, just muscular, and preferably with a noticeable bulge in the front of his trousers. He-men types really turn me on. In fact, when I was younger I used to love going to the wrestling, just to watch those beefy guys in their bulging trunks throw each other round the ring. 'Course I reckon it was all rigged but I didn't go to cheer anyone in particular on . . .' she grins wickedly, flicks at her auburn hair, and gives herself away. Twenty-one-year-old Inga is a true jet-setter now, her 38–23–36 inches is rarely in one place longer than a month or two. 'I've been working so hard lately that I need a rest . . . a few weeks under the sun on a beach in the Bahamas. I used to au pair for a rich American there . . . actually I was sort of yachtkeeper for him. It was fabulous, the best time of my life . . . I got an all-over sun-tan, too.' Her sizeable nipples swell with the English cold, unrestrained by brassiere. 'Oh that . . . I never wear a bra. I think a trace of nipple peeping through a top is quite provocative. I enjoy going bra-less. Don't you think it looks good ?'

Upstairs, downstairs,
Harvey the horny caretaker was
in every lady's chamber

HARVEY'S HAREM SCARUMS

Fiction by Mervyn Yates

My goodness gosh and inner conflict! Just as Room Seventeen shows a chubby leg, the basement callbox tinkles. I'm tap-dancing behind the landing aspidistra. Clogs clacking, she bolts the bathroom and I've cracked, skeltering down stairs like

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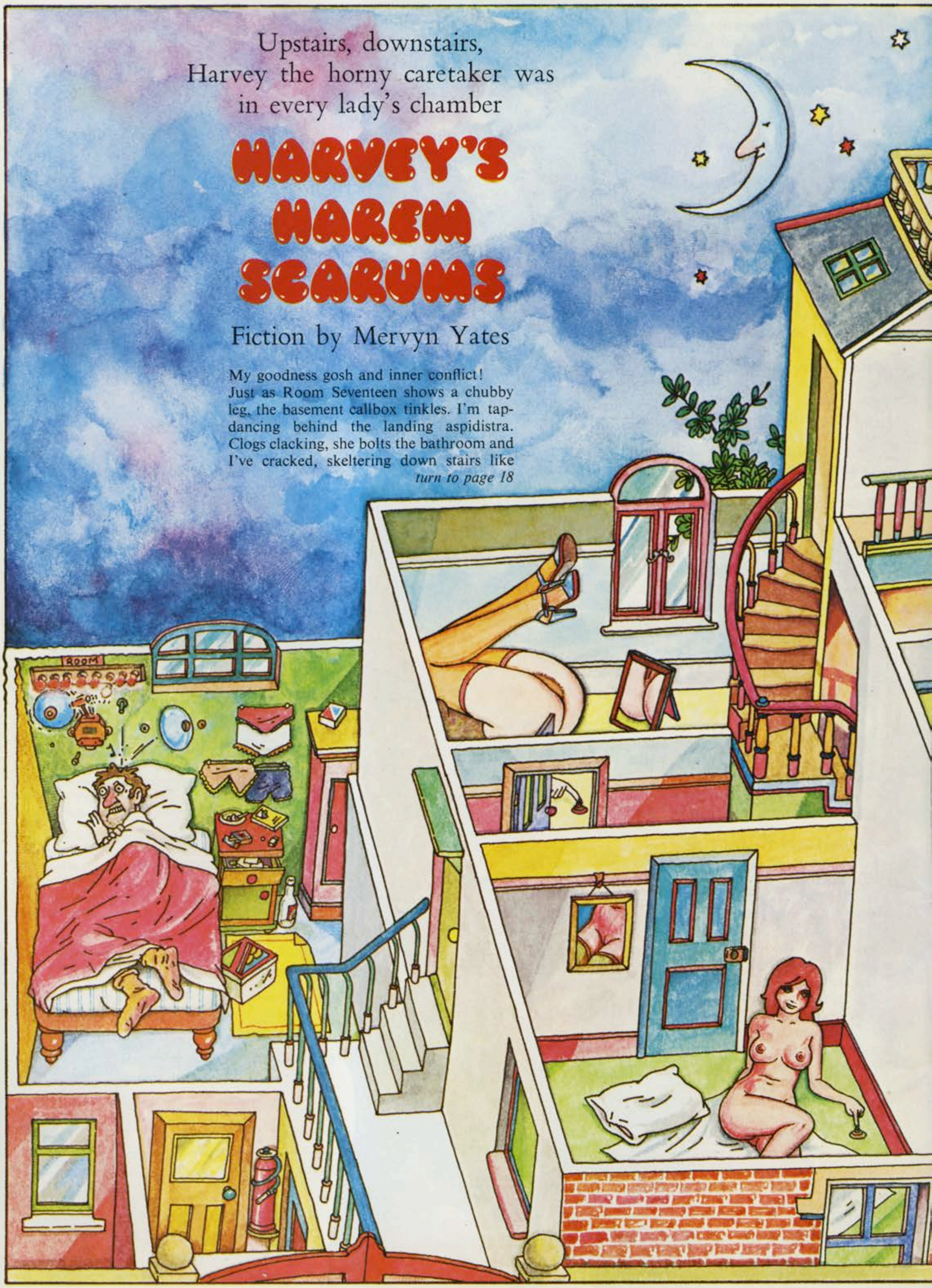


ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT

MITZVAH
TOWERS
Joe.

Harvey's Harem Scarum

continued from page 16

your average heated billygoat . . . Room Seventeen is the flagrant size of blonde, and that loofah she toted resembled a giant phallus of shredded wheat.

Snatching the pesky receiver I superannuates my winded croak, 'Mitzvah Towers, Superior Accommodation For Short Stayers, Senior Housekeeper Speaking'.

It's Miss Frobisher, she of the frosty vowels and piranha charm. The bombshell she delivers is many-splintered. Solly, my beloved boss and sometimes draught player, silent partner-owner of Bodger and Gazumph, Plasterboard Properties Unlimited, dear ageless sharking Solly has suffered heart attacks. Several, true to wholesale form, and during some Basle conference, a shocking lapse in jet-set schedule.

My stunned hows and wherefor gets the frigid mouth from his stonewalling secretary. 'Kindly refrain from addressing me as honeybunch,' bristles she. 'I shall be conducting his minor affairs, temporarily of course.'

Dismissed and distracted, I backpeddle to my minor affair, wheezing up spiralling treads and also liable to cardiac seizure. Room Seventeen has evaded spyhole scrutiny too long, and my mouth is melon moist with anticipation.

Knowing the house is otherwise empty, I unlocks the airing cupboard. Edging aside the bogroll cartons, easing the false timber panel, I secretes within a recessed crossword of webby pipes.

The sound of splashing audible, I locates the vital knothole, extracting its putty plug . . .

Aieeee! We're stark and sunk already, a purple toenail tamping either tap. Oh, Yes, Room Seventeen, my word, Howling Wolf YES. The aperture allows an angled sweep of Venus at sudsy scented wallow. The deep tub floed with foam, steam's wafting like a virgin's prayer and the soapy salients of this languishing lovely are absolutely, believe a connoisseur . . . it's no strain on bias if I award eight from ten for voluptuousness, reserving points for touch and feel assessment . . . golden locks coifed in a daisied cap, humming drowsily she's frisking with a hairy flannel. Legs apart in slack abandon, pubescence eddying like a clump of luxuriant lichens. Floating in, a champagne log, that listing loofah batters an atoll of cocked creamy thigh. Heavy lathering conceals her breasts, nipples cutely projecting like pearly ack-ack. Sliding her torso slightly, she's allowed the oggin to lap, revealing both thrusting turrets. The regularity of her amber tan – no pallid vee of propriety mars the curving crotch – suggests a sun lamp, possible exposure to yacht owners . . . now it's time for that lucky loofah to dive, looping the flossy loop and – whoops! – playfully probe.

Then she gulps, pinching her nostrils and rolling in capsize simulation, failing for all the snorkelling to immerse her bounteous bottom. Unsinkable dimpled dinghies, her glistening buttocks bob and heave, ruling the waves and motivating me mightily towards wall-cracking kung fu and a high altitude plunge into that beckoning natural harbour.

A distant beeping. I'm saved, she's panicked. The MGB's called early. Mobilising, she snatches her bits and pieces, everything gowned and goosepimpled.

'Thanks For The Mammary', I croon, dizzily vacating my discreet Observation Post, returning to the boxroom en suite I'm pretending to paint this week. When a breathless whirlwind passes to meet her regular date, I nonches to the top bannister, savouring a vapour trail of musk.

In clothes Room Seventeen looks different, but surprisingly elegant with it, the trouser suit of lime crushed velvet enhancing an hourglass figure and honey-hued hair, whose lack of peroxide I'd vouch for on oath.

'Walk, don't run'. My yodelled advice stalls her beside the vestibule mirrors.

'Hi, Harvey. Still slaving?' Checking reflection, she tidies a lace cuff. 'For steak and vino, Paulette's a punctual pussy.'

'Howsabout for ham and eggs?' I venture humbly. 'Don't you want to see my rotary can opener?'

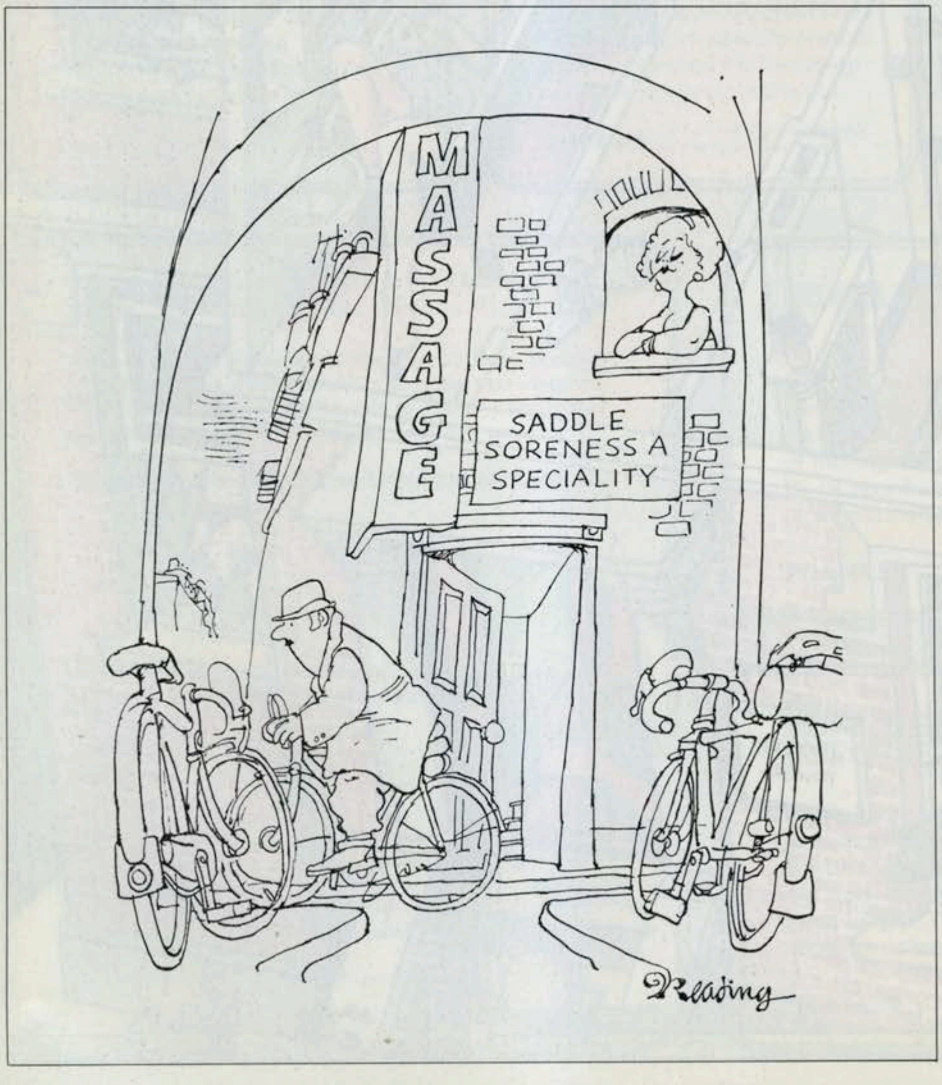
'Why not? Girls eat . . . as well as.'

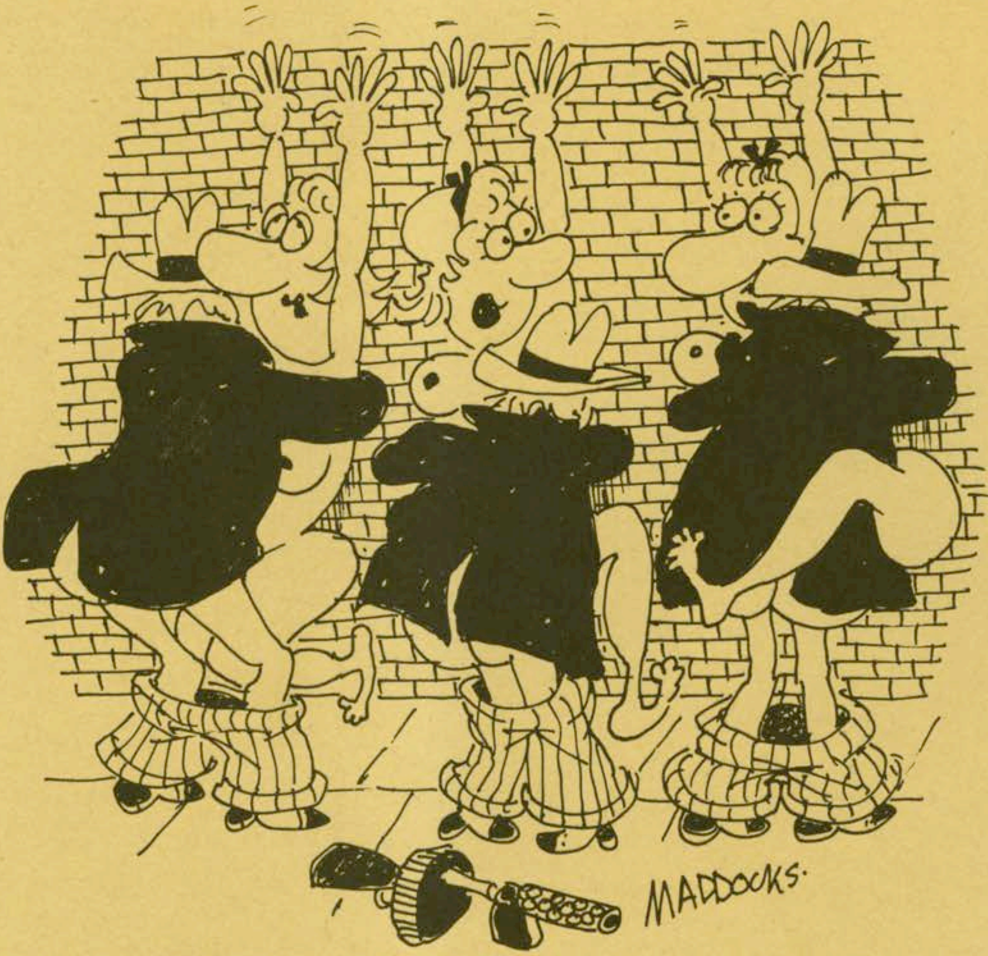
Blown a promising kiss, I hears the door slam, a gear-crashed getaway, and indulges in MGB-hating mumble. Then remembrance twangs my braces. The spectre of Solly's ill-health jolting a devoted sloth, I'm wielding vacuum cleaner and verbena, I'm feather dusting the hall radiators like a serfing scaramouche. To abridge an industrious orgy, I'm scared shitless. Let's be abnormally honest, the niche I've landed here may not be tuxedo material. But it does court certain fringe benefits. Last summer's tally was thirty one and a half scintillating scalps – Yoko from Yokohama stoking me on saki, the sequential screwing remains inscrutable – to say nothing of mindboggling flashes and gropes galore.

From sarongs to saris, via girdles and garter, the lingerie in my basement den comprises an album of torrid trophies, and there isn't a bed in this gently decaying dump I haven't trampolined. While that cruel world out there competes for more cheese and pricier parking meters, hangdog Harvey in the tatty boilersuit is happier counting the pluckable chickens. With selective skill – plus a soupçon of jugglement – I've managed to stock the rooms with women, girls and females, though in no order of discrimination. Hookers, holidayers and passers-through, teeny boppers of slender means and supple schemes, the past year has seen a turnover of thrilling tenancies.

Thus and so, reduced to conscientious pulp, the evening finds me scrubbing basement concrete. Lodgers returning in draggles, tellies and plumbing circuits bicker above. The Texan twins switching on their stereo,

turn to page 35

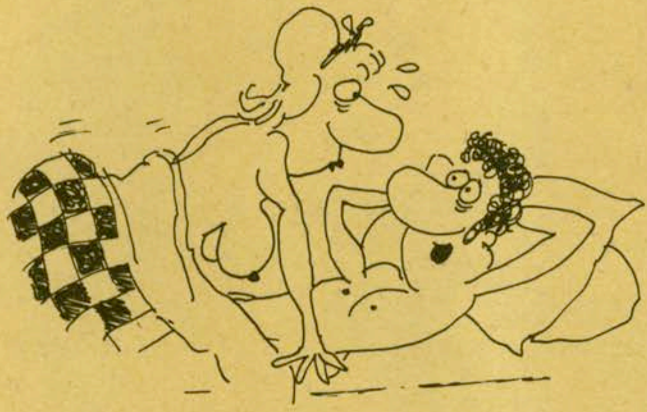




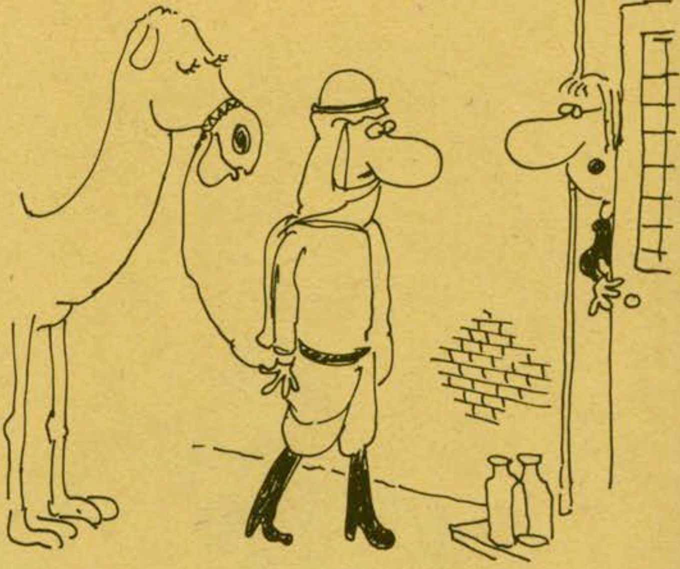
'We're making history girls –
it's the St Valentine's Day gang bang.'

My fanny Valentine

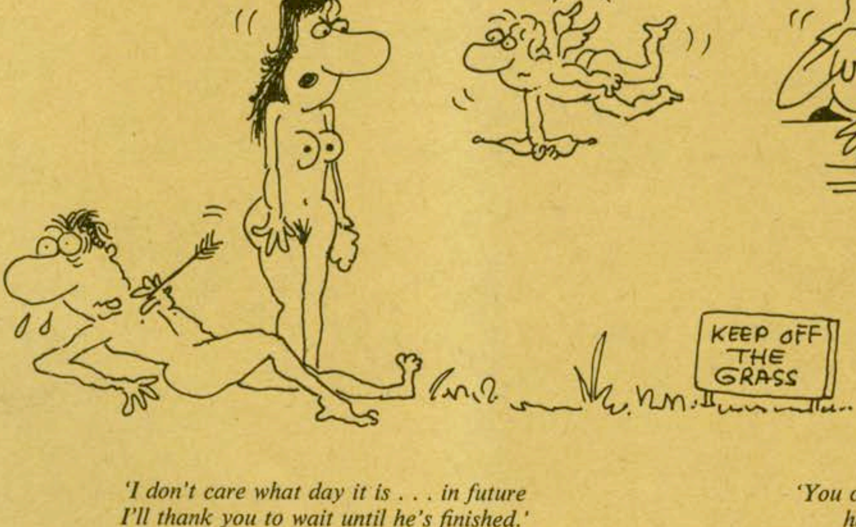
Traditionally on February 14, lovers anonymously exchange cards. Peter Maddocks wonders if in this age cards are sufficient



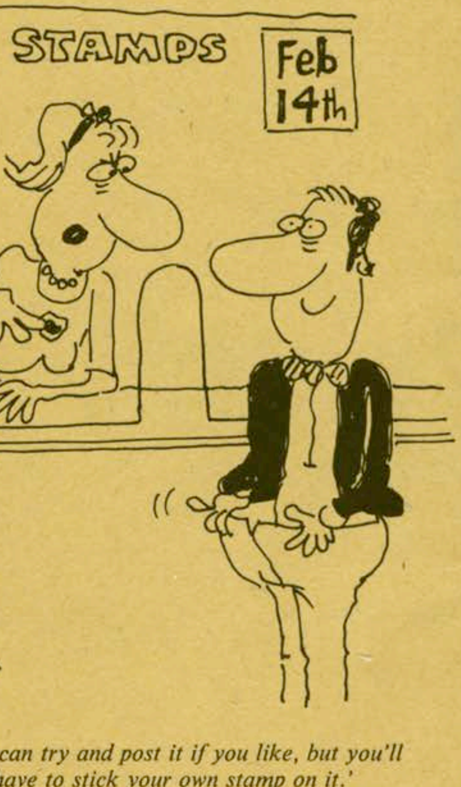
'Actually, I lied to you . . . I'm not St Valentine. But you've got to admit, it is *my day!'*



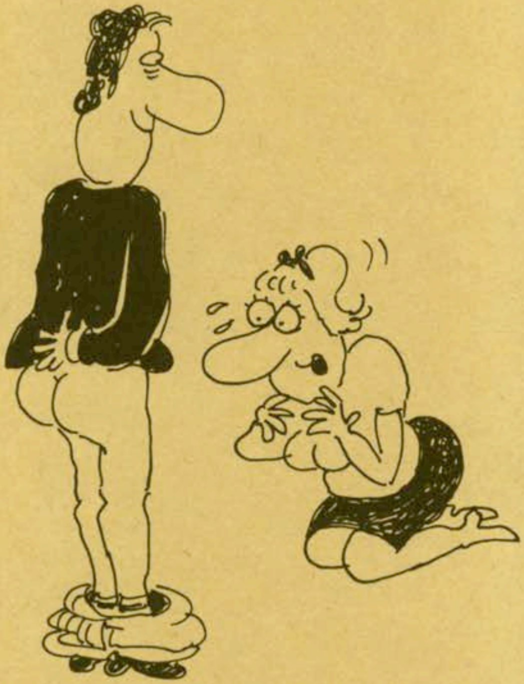
'Rudolph . . . who did you say?'


KEEP OFF THE GRASS

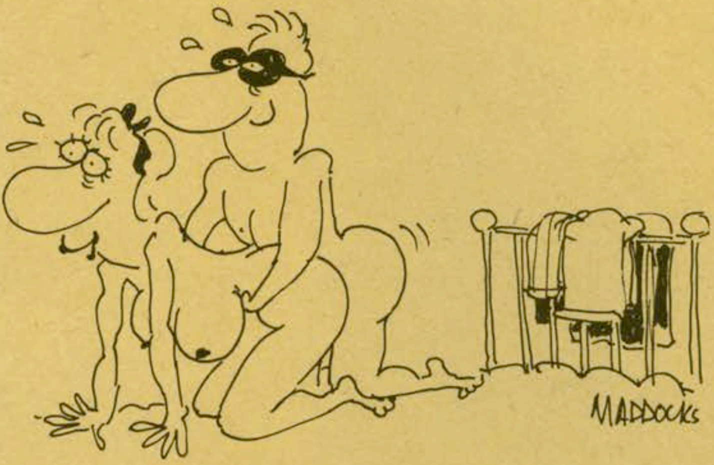
'I don't care what day it is . . . in future I'll thank you to wait until he's finished.'


STAMPS
Feb 14th

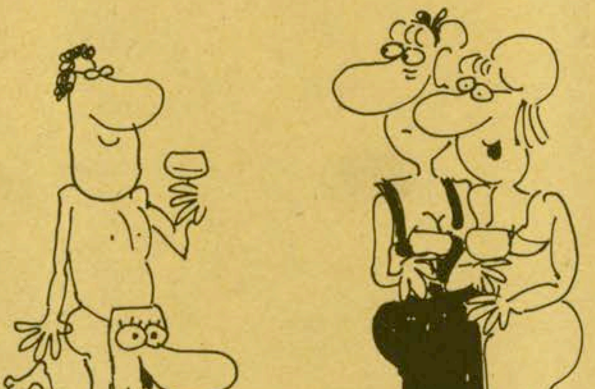
'You can try and post it if you like, but you'll have to stick your own stamp on it.'



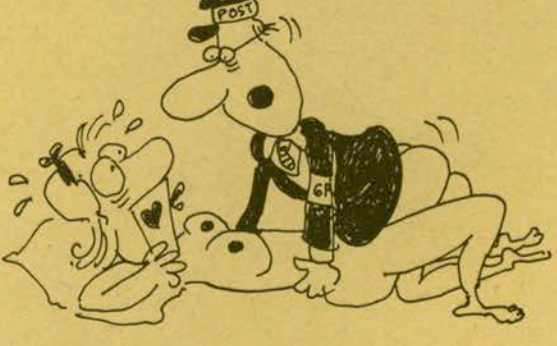
'You're right, you didn't forget . . . they are heart shaped!'



'All right, I give up . . . who's it from?'



'Here comes my funny Valentine!'



'To be perfectly honest, it was a card I had left over in my bag.'

SECOND OPINION

Mayfair's medical consultancy with Dr. Charles Vintner

This page is to help readers with medical and psychological problems they might find too intimate, or too slight, to take to their doctors. Dr. Vintner's advice is meant to complement that of the reader's GP

I really need your help. I am 18 and my girlfriend is a little younger. I have been going out with her for about 12 months and I love her very much. My problem is that I just can't make her come.

I feel terribly guilty as she is so considerate to me and makes sure, when we do try and make love, that I come. The trouble here is that I become so excited that I ejaculate very quickly.

In the past I've always blamed her for not having an orgasm but now I know it's me. I feel bad for we were both virgins before we went out together and she's shown me the experience of coming, but I can't show her. Please can you help me? Carl, Redhill, Surrey.

Much of your trouble, Carl, is due to inexperience, and has nothing to do with size. I think that in your extreme eagerness for sex you've overlooked the need to arouse her gently and carefully. Try to raise your girlfriend's level of sexual excitement – that is, get her almost to the point of orgasm – before you enter her. It would also help if you were both to read some sex books which give explicit detail on the sexual organs so that you can identify the most sensitive parts of your girlfriend's body.

I would imagine that like many other inexperienced men you are only pushing your fingers inside her vagina, and if this immediately doesn't provide some active response, thinking it's her fault. The 'trigger spot' – the clitoris – is not inside the vagina but is located outside the vaginal channel and at the tip of the main vaginal opening in the labia major. The clitoris is extremely sensitive and should not be treated roughly but played with very very gently.

Oral sex, centred on and around the clitoris is often one of the most effective methods of raising the level of sexual excitement. Utilising this method you would use your tongue and teeth to ever so gently nip and massage her to the threshold of orgasm.

Another method is for your girlfriend to adopt a superior position. You would lie on your back and your girlfriend would kneel above you with her knees roughly level with your chest. Her vagina would then be in about the right position to lower herself onto your erect penis once she is fully excited. In this position you would be able to manipulate her breasts, her clitoris and even her vaginal channel prior to her lowering herself onto your erection. And once she had done that you would still be able to continue stroking her breasts or her clitoris until she reached orgasm.

Try to understand too that some women have difficulty all their lives in reaching orgasm. It is not at all unusual in my experience to have a patient with several children who has been married many years and who is, to all intents and purposes, leading a happy sex life, and to be told very definitely that she has never experienced an orgasm.

I am very intrigued with the prospect of doing fellatio on my boyfriend. My problem is that I am worried as to whether I may get pregnant as a result of swallowing his ejaculate. Can this, in fact, happen? Miss C R, West Germany.

The answer is simple. NO, you can't become pregnant through swallowing semen.

So many letters have appeared in Mayfair *from readers boasting enormous penes and performing lengthy love-making sessions, sometimes lasting throughout the night. Compared to these my efforts, although pleasurable in themselves for both myself and my girlfriend, seem quite feeble. Our love-making sessions are over within an hour, including time on preliminaries – clitoral and penile stimulation, for example (my girlfriend is somewhat difficult to arouse) and occasionally even going '69'.*

We're now worried that our hour long sessions fall short of the average. Can you tell me how long normal love-making should take? E V, Bristol.

My advice is to take such boasts with a pinch of salt, as these claims are more often wishful thinking than fact. The simple answer to your question is that whatever *suits* you both is *right* for you. In any case if you have hour long bouts you haven't got anything to worry about. Far more love-making sessions are completed in a few minutes, with complete satisfaction to both parties.

Recently a colleague at work lent me some hardcore porn which he had brought back from abroad. To be honest I find a lot of it immensely exciting, and it has led to a number of improvements in my wife's and my sex life. My wife freely acknowledges this but she also makes it clear that she doesn't like my enjoyment of the porn and I have returned it to my friend at work. But I still wonder if I should have given in to her.
T L T, Dewsbury, Yorks.

Presumably you have discussed this with your wife. My point is that if you can both be completely honest about your feelings then it should be easy to work things out. If your wife is genuinely upset by the thought of pornography then it would only be hurtful to persist in reading it, and ultimately harmful to your sex life. One thought might be to use milder material that is also titillating – I assume you see this magazine quite regularly. Many women, I have found, while outwardly rejecting all types of men's magazines, are only too eager to glance through them if given the chance. If you explain to your wife that your interest is only in the ideas – and advice – you find in them, she might pooh-pooh the suggestion at first but she might find it easier to settle on a compromise.

Dr. Vintner welcomes your letters and all letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. The name Dr. Charles Vintner is a pseudonym for a qualified medical practitioner.

DR. VINTNER REPLIES ONLY TO LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION. NO CORRESPONDENCE WILL OTHERWISE BE ENTERED INTO.

Address your letters to: Dr. Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

DOCTOR PROVES ENLARGEMENT CAN WORK!

Amongst the numerous claims made in this most sensitive field comes an entirely new method, the result of two years research by a world famous Sexologist.

Controlled tests have proved this method to be reliable and totally safe.

While most methods remain closely guarded secrets the Chartham Method has nothing to hide. All the facts are published including actual test results – a firm testimony to the success of this revolutionary method.

The Chartham Method is a proven means of increasing the size of the male organ, both in the flaccid and erect state, developed and tested by Dr.Robert Chartham, Ph.D.

A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

Basically speaking, to enlarge the erection, it is necessary to increase the blood flow and to stretch the erectile tissues of the penis to accommodate the extra blood.

These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and. an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £10.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD AS DIRECTED A FULL REFUND WILL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN TO US.

THE CHARTHAM METHOD
THE CHARTHAM METHOD

ORDER FORM ULTRANORM LTD., DEPT. 12 C 5 THE CAMPSBOURNE, LONDON, N8 7PN ENGLAND.

Please send me, by return, the complete 'Chartham Method'.
I enclose £10.00, which is the total cost, including postage.

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ADDRESS...

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY
If you do not wish to cut
this page, you may send
your order on plain paper.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

There's nothing so jolly as spotting a trend just ahead of its time and letting your friends in on its secret. So today I'm glad to forecast a return to the solid citizen-like virtues (and their necessarily accompanying vices) of yesteryear. (At least it seems like only yesteryear, but doubtless that's what the retired colonel thought who complained he hadn't had a whang since 1945 and that it was now 2200 hours . . .)

Mind you, we may yet have a little further to go on the free-lib line, a few more hairy tunnels to plunder, lots of lascivious lines yet to cross. Far out places like the fabled Californian Body Bar have yet to come and go – that's a (mythical, I think, but look around, someone may have already invented it for real) restaurant where the waiters and waitresses are all nude, the cover charge includes customer intercourse, unlike the eating establishments that litter most of our fair cities, where you actually get screwed when they give you the bill, but that's another sore story.

We have a D-cup-full of practices (and perfects) yet to go: the skirt designed to show off a girl's pubic hairs, transparent trouser suits, open-crotch jeans, underpants that fondle you as you stroll along . . . No doubt, too, there are reams of cunning stunts yet to be explored before we reach the total, utter finality of 'cancelled sex' as Martin Amis describes it in **Dead Babies** (Cape, £3.25).

The scene before us is commonly experienced enough. A young man has brought a young woman to his bed, or any way double mattress. There they sit or sprawl, all naked or nude. He's distinctly aroused . . . and she has practically got both his legs in her mouth. Suddenly the young man finds himself confronted with her breasts, her ankles, her hair, her eyes. He considers himself for the first time, not so much a partaker, more a servitor of another's motor mechanism. Well, that's how he feels, as he turns her on her back, kneels between her spread legs, smooths and kneads her thorax, to the rhythmic accompaniment of her deep-felt howls of joy . . .

Then, suddenly, just like that, he can't. First time it ever happened, he couldn't and that was that. As time passes, he discovers that all you have to do is wait ten minutes and you can start all over again. But it is disconcerting, don't you think?

Amis has set his message of sexual self-discovery among the onetime beautiful people, upping and downing on intercourse and drugs at a sort of futuristic country house week-end party.

All sorts of jolly people are taking part:

●Red-headed Roxeanne whose amazing red hair glistens from under her armpits and peeps out none-too-coyly from her short pants, all smelling of fresh sweat as her abundant breasts teem and bob within a transparent bodystocking.

●Lovely English-rose Celia (the only girl who ever made a point of marrying the first man who didn't bed her within five minutes of meeting her) who customarily takes the least unpersonable young man out from a party and up to her bedroom where she pushes his reverent head down over her breasts, then stomach, until it lodges where she likes it best to be – in the space between her thighs.

●Lovely, not-to-say comparatively juicy Lucy, the indolent upper-class whore who used to strip, masturbate her customers in front of each other, sleep with one or two at the time . . . and all to please her demanding boyfriend so that he'd let her suck him off . . .

Well, what a lot of beautiful people, on virtually their last stands. Sated, slackened, sinfully wasted by pleasure until they can hardly take any more pleasure in it at all, and jealousy of one's lover's lover is as close to vice as one can seem to get these days.

Then, lo and behold, at the end of a long and tedious (because the cause produced no effect) evening of porno home movies, all these beautiful people and their men, un-turned-on by rhubarb pricks, for-he's-a-jolly-good-fellatio and all, an old-fashioned, solid citizen-like film well and truly wows them.

It happens like this:

On a sofa in a suburban sitting-room sit a young man and woman. They kiss, somewhat formally. He kisses her throat and ear. He cups her cheek, then lets his hand slide down to cup her breast. Several times she shrugs the importunate hand away, each time with less resolve . . . He opens her blouse by the ingenious stratagem of distracting her attention by starting to stroke her thighs, outside only.

At the sight of a brassiere, inside each cup of which nestles a full and rounded female breast, the sullen gang of flaked-out bangers jump and yell.

The movie continues. The young man now has her quarter-naked breasts at his disposal, and he uses his opportunity by alternatively kissing and massaging them, endeavouring all the while to slide his left wrist (the right, you may infer, is otherwise fully-occupied) between her kneecaps. These remain firmly clamped, so the would-be lover raises his left hand to the girl's breasts, giving his elbows full rein to circle upon and excite her very loins. He now steers his own left leg between her two, and at last they give, they part. He climbs upon her, mouth and hands concentrating on her breasts while cunning forearms and torso hoist up her skirt.

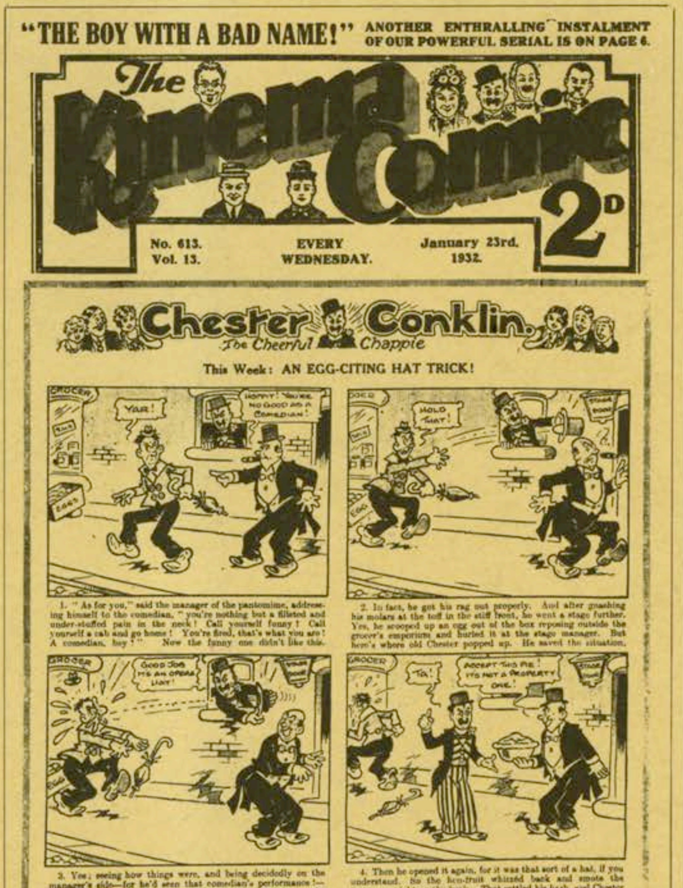
This item of dress rides high up her thighs.

Into camera positively zoom her stockings, white suspender belt and taut pink panties – 'on whose strained mound the young man closed his fingers . . .'

Gaudy, sexy, insatiable Roxeanne invites hairy, indifferent Andy (as he staggers to his feet, blinks giddily at his bulging groin) to congress – now that he's got something she can use at last.

'Nah,' snarls he, 'do it yourself. I'm gonna have a wank. This is too good to waste.'

Ah, these beautiful people. Luckily their time is nearly over. Soon we solid citizens, bras to grope in, suspender belts to snap, will soon re-enter our own land, triumphant, unpermissive and truly free at last! Again!



"THE BOY WITH A BAD NAME!" ANOTHER ENTHRALLING INSTALMENT OF OUR POWERFUL SERIAL IS ON PAGE 6.

The Kinema Comic

2D

No. 613.
Vol. 13.

EVERY
WEDNESDAY.

January 23rd.
1932.

Chester Conklin, The Cheerful Chappie

This Week: AN EGG-CITING HAT TRICK!

1. "As for you," said the manager of the pantomime, addressing himself to the comedian, "you're nothing but a filleted and under-stuffed pain in the neck! Call yourself funny! Call yourself a cab and go home! You're fired, that's what you are! A comedian, hey!" Now the funny one didn't like this.

2. In fact, he got his rag out properly. And after gnashing his molars at the toff in the stiff front, he went a stage further. Yes, he scooped up an egg out of the box reposing outside the grocer's emporium and hurled it at the stage manager. But here's where old Chester popped up. He saved the situation.

3. Yes; seeing how things were, and being decidedly on the manager's side—for he'd seen that comedian's performance!—old Chester swished off the manager's top hat. And he caught the flying egg in the thing, having first closed it.

4. Then he opened it again, for it was that sort of a hat, if you understand. So the hen-fruit whizzed back and smote the funny one right on the beak. That settled his hash, and Chester clicked for a well-stuffed pie. (Continued on page 24.)

GROCER
YAR!
HOPPIT! YOU'RE NO GOOD AS A COMEDIAN!
EGGS
HOLD THAT!
GOOD JOB IT'S AN OPERA HAT!
STAGE DOOR
TA!
ACCEPT THIS PIE! IT'S NOT A PROPERTY ONE!

Silent film comedian Chester Conklin on the front page of 'The Kinema Comic' in the 1930s. From Denis Gifford's 'Happy Days - A Century of Comics' (Jupiter Books, £3.95) which traces the story of comics from the adult 'Funny Folks' of 1874 through 'Eagle' and 'Girl' of the 1950s to today's 'Buster', 'Sparky' and 'Wham'.

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

***♡♡♡**Lenny** (X), 1 hr 51 mins. 'Why does everyone object to the word "fuck"?' asks comedian Lenny Bruce. 'I mean, fucking is really nice. It really should be the nicest thing you can say to anyone. Like, "Hi Mom, I've just got back from abroad. Fuck you!"' The American comedian Lenny Bruce – who died from a drug overdose in 1966 – specialised in verbal onslaughts on his audiences – either for effect as the police who continually prosecuted him for obscenity believed, or as a way of prising open hypocrisies, telling how things really were instead of how people hoped they were. Bruce himself, as Bob Fosse's riveting film takes pains to point out, may never have been completely sure which motive it was – 'I only do it for the money,' he tells a reporter – but official harassment soon boosts him into the position of messianic moralist. The film charts his career from fifth-rate stand-up comic to nation-wide notoriety – intercutting performances on stage, and in court, with taped 'interviews' with his stripper wife Honey (Valerie Perrine), mother (Jan Miner) and agent (Stanley Beck). The result is gritty (filmed in black and white), liberating, touching and tragic. Dustin Hoffman self-effacingly catching every nuance of a real man, and still showing how important – and funny – he was. And it's erotic too, with a dazzling performance from a long-legged, cannon ball-breasted Valerie Perrine who delivers herself to Hoffman deftly posed and nude – except for silk stockings – after a brief separation. A film you'll feel better for seeing.

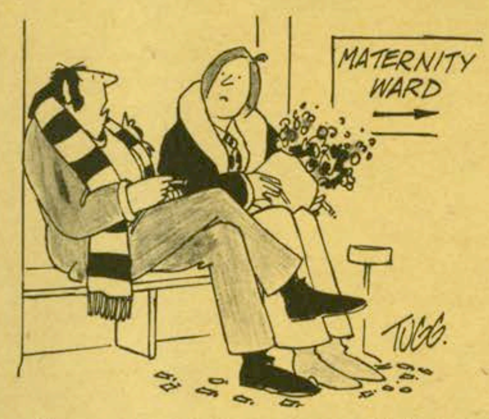
***♡♡**Farewell, My Lovely** (AA), 1 hr 35 mins. A nostalgic binge this, filmed through a rosy-coloured lens with Robert Mitchum looking every inch of Raymond Chandler's classic private eye hero: brawny, baggy-eyed and beaten up. Slogging his way through California of the 1940s in a tortuous search for an ex-convict's former girlfriend, Mitchum's only disadvantage is that he does look so woe-begotten. Luscious lovelies like Charlotte Rampling – all furs, purrs and claws in a superbly sexy Lauren Bacall impersonation – might faint with lust for Mitchum the film star but surely not this tired-eyed individual? Dick Richard's film lacks the nervy edge of the recent *Chinatown* – everyone is put in a cosy, slightly naïve past, but the result is always watchable; good, undemanding entertainment.

***♡♡♡**Night Moves** (X), 1 hr 39 mins. Intelligent, modern detective movie which becomes an absorbing study of its hero, the excellent Gene Hackman. Nude scenes with a teenage Melanie Griffiths and blonde Jennifer Warren as an ex-hooker, but a *very* complicated plot.

♡♡Lisztomania** (AA) 1 hr 44 mins. Ken Russell's full-frontal attack on the 19th century pianist-composer Liszt – his music re-written by rock musician Rick Wakeman. Presented as a comic book battle between Roger Daltrey's Liszt and Paul Nicholas' very Nazi Wagner, it's juvenile and outrageous rather than bawdy.

*♡♡♡**Intimate Reflections** (AA), 1 hr 26 mins. A plotless examination of the lives of two couples, one recently married, the other middle-aged. Anton Rodgers is very funny as one of the middle-aged halves, but the rest is slow and boring.

***♡**Race With the Devil** (AA) 1 hr 28 mins. Two American couples witness a witches' ritual murder then find the whole of the Mid-West after their blood. A lovely sense of menace.



'I'll say I'm anxious. I don't even know the half-time score!'

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

The musical promise shown by The Ozark Mountain Daredevils on their first two albums, (*The Ozark Mountain Daredevils* and *It'll Shine When It Shines*), reaches rich fruition on their latest – **The Car Over The Lake Album** (A&M SP4549). From the sounds inspired by the ethnic country music of their native Missouri, the Ozarks have now progressed sufficiently to handle fairly sophisticated material with increasing confidence and ability. Witness, for example, the superb harpsichord intro and backing on *Mr Powell* – for my money, probably the new album's outstanding track. From pure rock to pure country, the album encompasses many styles and influences making the end product extremely satisfying – contriving to sound comfortably familiar yet fresh to the ear: a rare feat.

New from Capitol is a series of budget albums on the Vine label. I especially liked Steve Miller's **The Legend** (VMP1008) and Linda Ronstadt's **Different Drum** (VMP1010). Although much of the material on these two albums is familiar, it would serve as an ideal introduction to anyone perhaps new to the work of these two fine artists. Also featured on the Vine series are albums by Bing Crosby, Nat King Cole, Frank Sinatra and the Beach Boys – an interesting mélange.

Brahms' artistic gifts tended toward the lyrical rather than the dramatic, his chamber music contains the quintessence of his art. No one knows exactly how much chamber music Brahms actually wrote. He said himself that he wrote twenty string quartets before producing one good enough to publish. This dislike of anything imperfect prevented him from immersing himself in a work for which he felt himself to be artistically inadequate.

There is now available a superb specially priced, boxed set **Brahms: Chamber Music Complete** (Deutsche Grammophon 2740 117). The works are: two string sextets – Amadeus Quartet with Cecil Aronowitz and William Pleeth; two string quintets – Amadeus Quartet with Cecil Aronowitz; piano quintet – Amadeus Quartet with Christoph Eschenbach; clarinet quintet with Karl Leister and the Amadeus Quartet; three string quartets – the Amadeus Quartet; three piano quartets – Jorg Demus and members of the Drolc Quartet; horn trio – Gerd Seifert, Eduard Drolc and Christoph Eschenbach; clarinet trio – Karl Leister, Georg Donderer and Christoph Eschenbach; three piano trios – Trio di Trieste; three violin sonatas – Christian Ferras and Pierre Barbizet; two cello sonatas – Pierre Fournier and Rudolf Firkusny and finally two clarinet sonatas – Karl Leister and Jorg Demus. In every way, these recordings provide an experience that is cohesive, deep and satisfying. One cannot fail to be moved on hearing the revealing and beautiful playing of the Amadeus Quartet – their musicianship and crystalline technique provides an enjoyable and authoritative performance.

While the horn and clarinet trios are, by their very scoring, romantically inspired, the two piano trios are more down-to-earth, with the energetic and vehement character of their opening movements. Each of these movements begins with a tense, leaping theme, which determines the further course of the movement.

Brahms' compositions are the product of much deliberation and the playing on these recordings acknowledges this fact. Throughout, there is a conviction and extraordinarily arresting vigour that should prove a revelation to those who find themselves falling under Brahms' captivating spell.

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

At 3 am one recent morning I was coming out of **Mike's Diner** at 3 New Burlington Street, just off London's Savile Row and almost opposite to West End Central Police Station, when I noticed a crowd of dazzlingly-dressed swingers tumbling out of **Samantha's** Disco-Club, which is situated underneath *Mike's Diner*, so I shot back in and asked Big Cyril how come that things looked so good in the well-established club below.

Never short of a word, Big Cyril told me what was happening – redecoration, a new scene, the disco for a higher class: better-dressed men and therefore attracting the higher-class dazzlingly-dressed young dollies.

In the best interests of *Mayfair* readers, it therefore became essential that we should write a report about the place. The reason for going to *Samantha's*, apart from the new decor, is that it is an inexpensive well-established club full of girls who might be everyday secretaries in real life, out to let their hair down and enjoy themselves. In fact, there is certainly no need to take a partner – you might kick yourself if you do, and it is going to be so crowded that you will probably kick someone else if you don't. But it is worth braving the crowd to join in the action at this very visual club, where an E-type Jaguar is mounted on the dance-floor housing the discotheque and turntables. The new open weave raffia lampshades and the new open-plan bars contrast with the aggressiveness of the old E-type. *Samantha's* is run by Simon Langer and his partner Carlo, and they certainly are determined that it should be right. There's a final point to remember about *Samantha's*—it pays to be a member, with the many opportunities for free admission, since guys who have not joined pay £1.50 each time to get into the club. It is also sufficiently popular for them even to be able to charge £1.25 for a girl's admission – an unusual situation in London clubs, where girls are often admitted free of charge.

You may wonder, meanwhile, what is happening upstairs in *Mike's Diner*, where it is possible to get a meal for under £1 up until 6 am. Big Cyril and Mike specialise in feeding every restless soul who cannot sleep and must eat in the middle of the night. A full breakfast including coffee will cost you 75p, and if you are wondering what a full breakfast consists of, in this case it is bacon and egg (42p), two slices of toast (15p), coffee (12p), VAT (6p). With this sort of reasonable price structure, you would not expect to be in an extremely lavishly-decorated restaurant, and although *Mike's Diner* could never be termed utterly luxurious it is certainly adequately comfortable with a vintage car background decor, including some fascinating and extremely valuable brass headlamps.

Although the Mayfair area has its full share of disco-clubs, people seem to associate Soho with discotheques as well, and Greek Street harbours two premises that are worthy of attention. **La Poubelle** at 16 Greek Street, Soho, W1, is a calm discotheque where nice, normal, ordinary, healthy, happy, people seem to go regularly to do their thing in a smoothly decorated long cellar room. *La Poubelle* was one of the earliest discotheques in London, and its success is such that the owners are now engaged in the expansion of the premises across the basement next door. The decor is in various shades of red, punctuated with pools of light, and there are fascinating closed circuit television sets scattered around which project video of the current disc being played – that is, if you have stopped looking at the motion and commotion on the floor. Discotheque-hopping is a regular habit in Soho and it is natural therefore that habitues of *La Poubelle* should go across to **Le Kilt,** further up at No 60 Greek Street. Possibly explaining the constant success of *Le Kilt* is the phrase which we extract from their publicity handout 'Ladies on their own will feel completely at ease.' The decor is an unusal mixture of polished brass and copper and Scottish tartan weave material, and a stagecoach beside the floor with the disc-jockey mounted therein. But all this is background to the attractive, fun-loving French girls who have made it their London home.

The Eve, 189 Regent St, W1, is now London's second oldest nightclub – 24 years old. It has survived all the fads, the modes, the general brou-ha-ha of London after dark. Clubs have opened and closed; gambling and then striptease have become an accepted legal part of our London scene: the base of patronage has widened. *Eve* has always moved with the times. Its proprietor, Wexford-born Jimmy O'Brien and his wife, Helen Archer, have seen to that. *The Eve* has three different, lavish floorshows every night at 10.45, 12.45 and 1.45. An *Eve* show is exquisitely undressed. Most of the dresses are in fact, worn on the head as Mr O'Brien's showgirls undulate slowly for his customers to savour. Of course, every showgirl at the *Eve* doubles as a dancing partner between shows. It is therefore possible to burble into one's second large Port and say to the waiter: 'That ravishing little darling, third from the left, please?' But don't get any ideas. She comes, fully clothed! To dance. To drink. And to dine with you, if you so wish it. Before and after the shows you can choose. Either dance to a live outfit or else to a stereo discotheque presented by a glamorous disc jockette. But Mr O'Brien is very proud of his food. Most nightclub food is simply awful and that's why people not in the know feel left out when they are told of *The Eve* all-in £8.95 package which includes the £2.50 entrance fee, aperitif, 3 course meal with choice of dishes, a choice of wines, plus coffee and brandy.

Lightbourne.

'Judging by the contents, I think the chicken fricassee is your best bet.'

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HAZEL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

London's Hammersmith Bridge on a clear but cold February afternoon may not strike you as being an ideal location for a *Mayfair* photo-spread, but some motorists hurrying past over the Thames might just have been fortunate enough to get a fleeting glimpse of the unclothed 35B–23–36, 5 feet 4 inch figure of Hazel Nobbs striking pose

after pose in the pale winter light. Hazel had taken time off from her regular job as a computer punch-card operator to head her dark mauve MGB across London from her native Eltham for the Hammersmith session. 'Just my luck,' she grinned in mock-complaint between takes. 'Some girls get flown to the West Indies – I end up here. Still, it could be worse. At least it's not raining! Mark you, I'm not exactly a stranger to open air nudity. In the summer months, I go down to Studland Bay. Have you ever heard of it? It's a very secluded beach near Swanage in Dorset where you can sunbathe nude. I found it quite by accident actually. I'd gone for a stroll and literally walked into hundreds of people with no clothes on. Even though I was only wearing a bikini, I felt terribly conspicuous. Taking it off was quite a relief! Now I'm hooked – I really love it, and nude swimming's quite sexy too!' Hazel was born 24 years ago in south-east London and went to Mallory Comprehensive in Grove Park. In 1971, she became Miss Greenwich, but decided against

trying to join the 'Beauty Competition Circus'. 'I'm too much of a jeans and jumper person – I don't think I'd have had the will or the patience to always look perfectly groomed. I'm not really a great one for dressing up at the best of times. Boyfriends like me looking sexy, but you don't have to get all dressed up for that effect.' Hazel smiles. 'You just leave an extra button on your shirt undone.' If luck's with you, Hazel can be spotted looking sexy at *The King's Arms* in Eltham High Street, or, slightly further afield, at *The Malta Inn,* which is in Allington, near Maidstone in Kent. 'On Sundays,' explains Hazel, 'I love going for long drives in the car out to country pubs and having a meal. I've discovered some really smashing places within easy reach of London – it's surprising how many there are actually, if only you take the trouble to look for them. They're all off the beaten track and take a bit of finding, but the effort's well worthwhile. Motoring on B-roads is fun too. It's a case of "Look, mum, no traffic!"' Or in Hazel's case, look mum, no pants.

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EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Harvey's Harem Scarums

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Zeppelin saps the foundations, an offshoot of volcanic vox coaxing me to relax. Bongo playing an upturned pail, I'm freaking contentedly, when a spider tickles my bent backbone.

Somebody is lurking at the garden end of the dim flagged corridor. Shucks, I shiver. It's only an intruder. Or ghosts. Terrifically casual, I continues drumming, drudging, scrubbing myself into the store's cuddy. Armed with a travelling iron, I then sashays back to zonk said apparition. Only it has moved. Into my office cum.

'Mister H. Harrison?'

The apparition is occupying my swivel chair. Ensconcing my mahogany desk. Spike heels puncturing the lilies in my faded Persian. 'Don't tell me,' I goggle, 'You're Miss Frobisher.'

'Correct. I gained entry through the side porch. The dustbins are quite disgraceful, I might add. I did not consider an appointment necessary, as this visit isn't official.'

During the pep talk following, flawed with obscenities like 'accounts' and 'proper records,' I'm kicking my shins for draping spinster image around a glacial voice and lettuce-crisp memos, which about edits all previous contact with a delectable dragon. Obviously it's possible to be horribly efficient yet trimly attractive.

'Vivacious' describes this one's fundament, though 'petite', 'pert' and 'vibrant' jostle for the post. Her tweed two-piecer provides wasp-waisted proof of goodies arriving in small amounts, and my vintage detector hovers twixt Old Fashioned and Obsolescence, reckoning she'd favour embroidered petticoats. Silk stockings, possibly. Suspenders . . .

'Mister Harrison'. Slowing her spiel, exasperation mars her finely chiselled features. 'I'm sure you haven't taken in a single word'.

Agreeing sadly, I shakes out a fag. 'It's hearing about Solly. With his track record, I thought he had mortality licked' – mascara hoops, the eyebrows start clambering – 'So how's the good lady wife bearing up? And the sons, the assorted hangers-on? They must be sobbing into their desk diaries, the wreaths ordered in advance'.

Rejecting commiserations and a crumpled ciggy, Miss F glazes over. 'I am not at liberty to discuss –'

'Listen, gorgeous', I puffs a lance of peevish smoke. 'Solly and I enjoy a peculiar relationship. Telex and profit motive he gets elsewhere, what with raising five smart-suited chips off his wheeler-dealing block. Here he gets lukewarm coffee, a dekko at my Sporting Lifes, and peace'.

'Most touching', she clutches a poppered glove as if considering a slap across my chops. 'Mister Solomons has always been fond of, er, irregular transactions'.

'But business is business', I reply. 'Empires aren't maintained on cups of lukewarm'.

'Precisely', she tosses a dagger sharp smile. 'If you'd kindly let me have the papers'.

'Papers?'

'Pertinent documents, Mister Harrison. Traders' bills, receipts, your rentbooks'. Flabbergasted, I points at the Huntley and Palmers tin, sum safe for my financial dealings, such as. 'Maybe I should sort it out', I add. Too late. Grabbing the shelved biscuit tin, Miss Frobisher strides off like a flyhalf to touchdown. Undoing successive doors, I hover and huff, stammering, 'Papers aren't my strong point . . . Solly usually scoops what there is . . .'

'Casualness in administration is inexcusable'. Folding into the Mini coupé at the kerb, she toots riddance in an eloquent fart of uptight exhaust.

☆ ☆ ☆

Of course disasters never seem so bad, in retrospect. Often they worsen. A while later, I'm staving off depression, uncertainty and impotence with a bacon butty, when the roof caves in. Slowly I recalls what Birgitte – a Nordic flitter – left behind as token souvenir. And I refer not to rubber cheques. The payment she folded an apology in was skimpy, a triangle of clingy satin. I'd stuffed her knickers into my makeshift till for Solly's second-hand entertainment. Somehow I doubt if his fortholding Friday will be equally amused.

Hobbled by gloom, I'm in scant mood for diligence when the emergency bell *brrrings*. The party requesting my presence lodges higher than upstairs. It's the Indian Student, a skinny solemn bird whose attic dwelling defences I've hitherto respected for dual daunts, intellect and chastity.

Put it this way, I've never caught her

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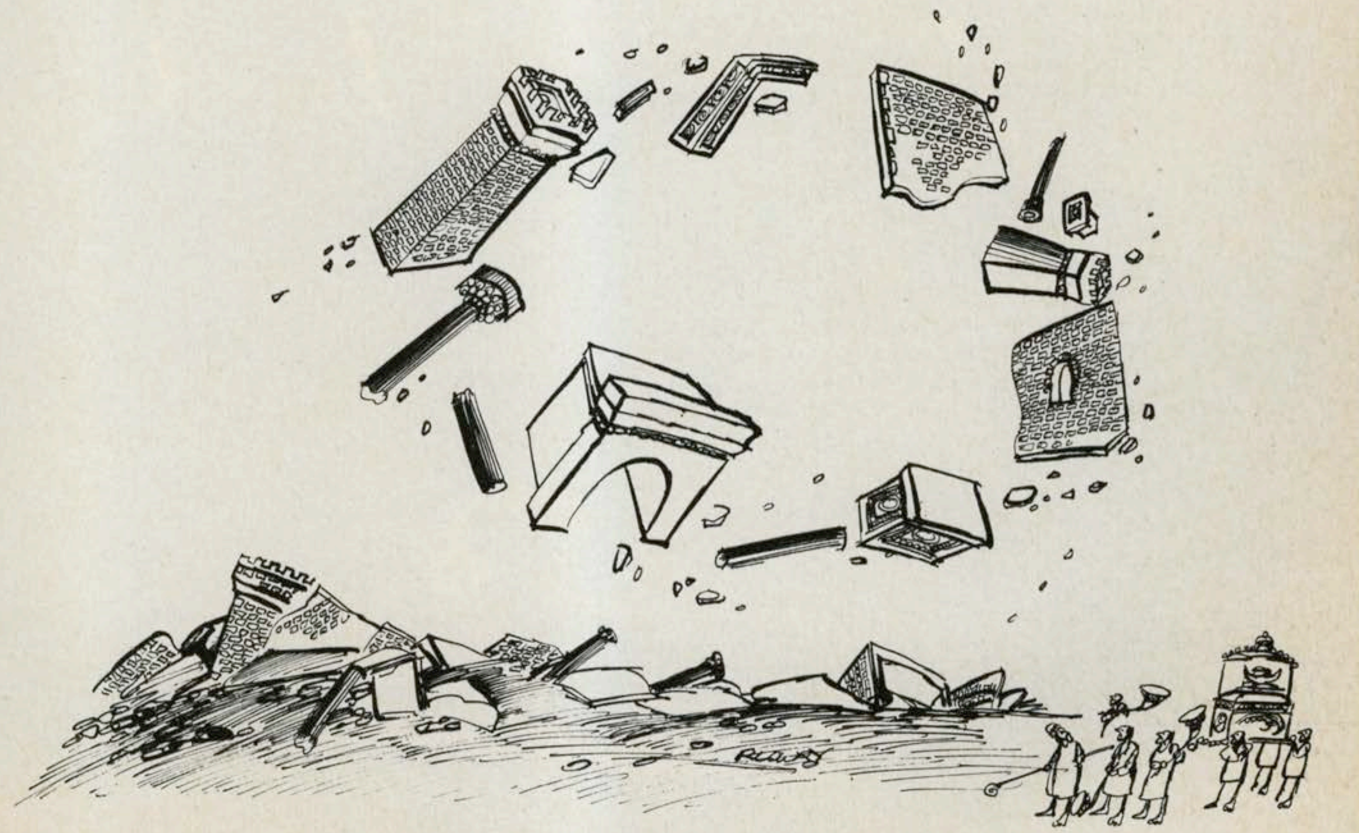

'He's hamming up what might have been a very impressive miracle.'

To dozens of ditched airmen in World War Two the most welcome sight in the sky was the Walrus, ugly, poorly defended and slow, yet with the astonishing ability to land and take off safely in waves more than six feet high. By Colin Jones

The Walrus: World War Two's most ungainly hero

'There they are!' In response to his Observer's shout, Lieut. Roger Stringer RN banked the Walrus hard left. He squinted into the sun angling off the bright June sea and thought, 'What a bloody fine way to spend my leave. I suppose I'm a lot better off than those poor beggars down there in the water though.' He was also better off than his tail gunner who an hour before had limped a battered Spitfire into

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ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

The Walrus

continued from page 36

Lee-on-Solent. The aircraft was out of both fuel and ammunition and its pilot infuriated that he had not nailed an Me 109 that he had caught leisurely strafing the convoy of little ships perilously bringing the wounded away from Dunkirk. It was the wreckage of just such a tiny boat that the angry RAF man had noticed in the sea below his chase. It was for the survivors that the irregularly crewed Walrus was now turning with what one of the prototype's test pilots reported as 'all the slow dignity of a double decker bus.'

Lee was deserted of aircrew. The Solent was attracting too much enemy attention and many pilots were engaged in transferring the station's resident squadrons 764 and 765 (Seaplane Training) to the safer waters of Sandbanks and Lawrenny Ferry. Others were scrambled for the emergency evacuation. Stringer, a shipboard Walrus pilot, had called to see a Wren. He willingly offered his pilot's skills if a rescue plane could be found, and he and the Spitfire pilot were soon joined by a Training Officer rated too old for operational flying. There was a Walrus available, but it took this *ad hoc* crew 30 precious minutes to persuade the station commander that they were capable of using it to rescue the men in the water. K8341 was standing fuelled, armed and pilotless. The trio negotiated her loan, and were quickly airborne for the grid reference the Spitfire pilot had noted.

Roger Stringer remembers: 'When we got this far, I was afraid. I had never been in action before. I can clearly recall moaning about my luck to visit Lee on a panic day. Strange to know that instead of being with my girl, I might be dead by dusk. Even more, I was afraid of being hit by some jagged lump of metal. It wouldn't go out of my mind. I could almost feel it burning and ripping into me. I can remember sinking lower into the seat, and then struggling up again because I could not see over the cockpit coaming. I had not even had time to adjust 8341's seat. It's odd, the way all sorts of crazy things come clearly into your mind when you are afraid.'

It was essential that Stringer did not lose sight of the swimmers. The sea was running a steep chop and in 1940 Mae West life jackets were still made in olive green. They were hard to spot. 'I was afraid to go very low in an unfamiliar aircraft. We lined up on the three survivors still clinging to small pieces of wreckage from their shot-up boat. There was no telling how long they had been in the water. Carefully we dropped the dinghy. It overshot by a mile. It was my fault – lack of experience. My run-in was too high and too fast and on the wrong wind leg. The dinghy just washed on down Channel with all the other debris. I was nearly crying because I wanted to help, but was useless.'

In the Walrus, they had a quick conference. Landing would be very dicey. Was it worth risking their own lives for those in the water? The affirmative was unanimous. They came low, flat and into the wind. Stringer had to drop K8341 very close to the swimmers. The sea was running to 10 feet. It would make turning almost impossible. At Walrus speed they made a plump target for the Me 109s which seemed to be everywhere. Luckily the one which singled them out did not have the guts to hold his dive long enough. As he pulled out, his cannon shells hit the water ahead of the Walrus. They were pleased to see a Spitfire on his tail. At least somebody cared. 'My observer cursed that we didn't have the forrard gun mounted. I thought, "Bloody fool!" An open hatch in this sea would sink us to say nothing to the extra weight up front.' The hull hit the first wave, bounced and hit again. The noise was deafening. 'I thought she was breaking up, but she settled like an old tug boat.

'What I'd give for five minutes with the ancestor who started this *evolutionary process.'*

'It took the swimmers an age to reach us. I kept screaming "Come on! Please come on". It was before Walruses were fitted with grab rails. The other two crew heaved the survivors in through the after hatch and I opened up the throttle. It was useless. We tried eight or 10 times. She wouldn't unstick. All I was doing was driving her under. I just wept and cursed.'

It was the veteran Spitfire pilot who noticed how close their take off attempts had put them to the French coast. Stringer who, like all RN pilots had been fully trained for sea duties, realized that the wind and tide directions meant that the water would be calmer under the low red cliffs. He angled the taxiing sea plane closer inshore. Slowly the wave height diminished. Slowly the danger from shore guns increased. 'When I could lift my eyes from keeping her straight into the sea for take-off, I could see people on the beach below. We nipped over those cliffs and did just about the lowest fastest turn a Shagbat has ever made.' (Shagbat was one of several semi-abusive, semi-affectionate Royal Navy names for Walruses.)

Roger Stringer's matter-of-fact account of a day some 35 years ago, cannot conceal the fear and the courage. The history of war is sometimes the story of machines, but at the time it is fought for its people. Materials are dispensable. They can be rebuilt, and replaced. Men are vital. The more men you bring home, the higher your morale, the greater the acts of daring you inspire and the more willing your people become to attack the enemy. This is the fibre of which victory is made, and it is for this morale-boosting air/sea rescue work that the Supermarine Walrus should be chiefly remembered.

If the Spitfire was the first of the few then Mitchell's seaplane was certainly the first of the many. It was the first military aircraft to have a fully-retractable main undercarriage and to offer the crew completely enclosed control positions. Likewise was the Walrus the first of a generation of aeroplanes with an all-metal fuselage. On the lighter side, the prototype N2 (named the Seagull V at that time) is probably the only military aircraft to be flown by a pilot in a bowler hat. In May 1935, Comdr. E. O. Figguls-Price droned a Walrus around the anchorage to give the Navy assembled in Scapa Flow its first look at this strange machine. Four years later, it was the first to bring the WRNS into actual hostilities. In fact the Walrus pilot could well have thought that he was being shot at by both sides.

Capt. I. Groves was airborne to the Shetlands with a cargo of one enormous, high-ranking Wren, complete with 1914–18 War

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

An untidy man shambled into a fashionable disco-pub, bought half of bitter and sat quietly reading the paper. Soon he was surrounded by a group of mouth-watering dollies all chatting to him, sitting on the arm of his chair, ruffling his hair and giving him meaningful looks. Eventually he got up and left with one particular dishy girl while the others hid their disappointment with brave smiles.

The next night the same thing happened, the man leaving with a different girl. On the third night it was repeated. Another customer could contain his curiosity no longer. 'Hey, what gives with that fellow who just left with that dolly bird?' he asked the barman.

'Who do you mean?' replied the rather bored barman.

'You must have seen him. Ugly, tatty fellow. Certainly not rich but all the birds flock round him.'

'Oh I know who you mean,' said the barman. 'He does silly tricks as well. Do you know he can lick his eyebrows with his tongue?'

Having been told the price was £10, the student started to walk away from the young hooker who had taken his fancy. 'Wait a minute love,' she shouted after him, 'how much have you got?'

'Only a pound,' he replied.

'Well, I might have dropped my price to five pounds, but never that far,' she said.

'Look,' said the student, desperate now, 'I've just bought this pair of tennis shoes, and they cost me a fiver. How about these and the pound?'

Initially reluctant, the young pro was won over by the student's persuasion, but warned him: 'Just don't expect me to get really worked up over a pound and a pair of tennis shoes, no matter how new!'

Accordingly, they adjourned upstairs, and in no time the young man was relieving his frustrations while the girl lay, nonchalantly, beneath him. After a couple of minutes, however, he felt the girl's arms encircle his back, followed a few seconds later by her legs which came up and round his waist; her body, hitherto still, now began to move gently. Encouraged and flattered by this, the young man whispered: 'Couldn't stop yourself getting worked up, eh?'

'It's all right love, I'm just trying on these tennis shoes.'

Sub-Lieutenant Blenkinsop had been having a terrible time while serving with the British Pacific Fleet. He had been shot down three times and had crashed four Hellcats on the deck of his aircraft carrier when coming in to land. Furthermore, he had failed to shoot down a single Japanese plane.

The Admiral was most displeased and called him to the bridge. 'Now see here, old chap, we can't allow this to go on. I am letting you go on tomorrow's mission but if you fail this time, I'm afraid I'll have to ground you.'

'Very sporting of you, sir,' replied the young officer, 'I won't let the side down again, sir.'

Next day when the carrier reached the flying-off position, Blenkinsop roared down the flight deck and made a perfect take-off and disappeared over the horizon. A little while later he spotted seven Japanese Zeros below him. 'Ah, this is my big chance,' he thought to himself as he banked into the attack. One by one the Japanese fighters fell from the sky.

Elated, he made a beautiful, if rather showy, landing on the carrier, leaped out of his cockpit and raced straight up to the bridge.

Coming stiffly to attention he said: 'How about that, sir, seven of them? I just got seven of those Jap bums. How about that?'

'Velly funny you Blitish swine!'

Heard about the Scots cloakroom attendant?
Angus McCoatup.

William Jones was a Master Butcher and keen golfer. To make his golf balls more pliable he put them on a tray in his shop and surrounded them with fat. A female customer, undecided on what to buy, noticed them and asked what they were.

'Golf balls,' said the butcher.

'Oh,' said the woman, 'Well, I'll have a pound of steak.'

The next week the same customer entered the shop, noticed the tray full of golf balls, smiled brightly and said: 'I see you've shot another golf.'

What makes a bull sweat the most?
A tight jersey.

A Maori was visiting New York for the first time and was wandering the broad streets marvelling at the tall buildings and big cars. 'You look like a stranger to these parts,' enquired a typical New Yorker, 'where are you from?'

'I'm from New Zealand,' beamed the Maori proudly.

'Gee . . . New Zealand, eh? Where's that? Never mind. Suppose you've never seen anything so tall as our sky-scrapers in New Zealand?'

'Sure haven't, sport,' replied the Maori.

'I bet your roads aren't as broad as ours,' pursued the American.

'No. You're right there, mate.'

'Bet you don't see big cars like ours in New Zealand. In fact, I bet you haven't got anything in New Zealand bigger than we've got here in New York.'

'I wouldn't go that far, sport . . . our women have got private parts this big,' said the Maori, forming a circle with his outstretched fingers and thumbs.

'Gee . . . that's fantastic,' replied the astonished New Yorker.

'Yes, and the lucky thing about them is that they expand . . .'

Asked what she desired most of all,
'A penis' said a woman of Gaul.
Her husband said 'No,
It is not pronounced so,
They say 'appiness, as I recall.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

Dr George Wagner was a psychiatrist with a brilliant future. Yet he chose to be a flamboyant crowd-provoking wrestler

Gorgeous George mind-wrestler extraordinary

By David Nicholas

In the wrestling game there's nothing an audience likes better than a classic 'Goody versus Baddy' confrontation. Cheers and vociferous encouragement greet the hero, whilst the villain, probably as nice a man as you could wish to meet outside the ring, is booed, jeered and derided. Of course, the villain plays the part, indulging in every dirty trick in the book and taking time off from eye-gouging and hair-pulling to occasionally hurl abuse at the crowd.

'Baddies' are all part-and-parcel of wrestling, but one man took sheer ring nastiness to new heights – or depths – with the best possible motives. His name was George Wagner, an American, whose career both inside and outside wrestling contrived to be as spectacularly risible as it was astonishing, but ended in tragedy.

George Wagner's origins were ordinary and simple. His family ran a dry-cleaning business in New York. Not wildly successful, but there was enough money in the kitty to put the young George through medical school. In the period between gaining his internship and deciding in which field of medicine to specialise, George tried to repay some of the debt to his family by helping in the business. In the autobiography he wrote shortly before his death, Wagner recalled:

'I loved the smell of dry-cleaning fluid and the entire dry-cleaning ethos, particularly the opportunity to provide courteous, same-day service. The only real problem was in withstanding emotional pressures. A customer would bring in a lovely Parisian gown with a huge champagne stain across the bodice and I'd go completely to pieces. As it turned out, I was over-identifying with the garments – a common dry-cleaner's syndrome.'

Perhaps this self-confessed emotional pressure influenced Wagner's decision regarding his medical speciality; in any event, he opted for psychiatry and trained at New York's enormous Bellevue Hospital, where he plunged into his studies with rare zeal and enthusiasm. Dr Reece Tatum, a fellow resident of Wagner's at the time, observed:

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MODEL MADE BY ROGER SOUTHALL AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONNELLY BURNS DAVIS

Gorgeous George

continued from page 40

'He seemed to have difficulty moderating his abundant enthusiasm for work. It took us months to accustom ourselves to the idea that the bloodcurdling screams that so often emanated from his service were not the nightmare terrors of the psychotic patients, but merely Dr Wagner expressing his glee over some bit of insight that he or one of them had just achieved.'

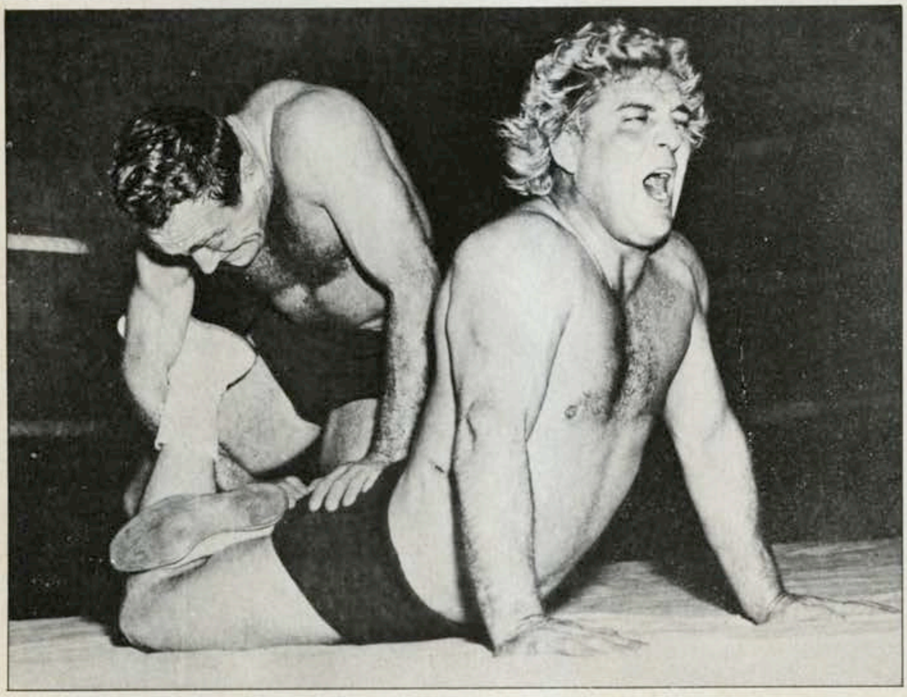
During George Wagner's psychiatric training, an idea was forming in his mind that was to influence his entire life. He reasoned that television could be a powerful ally to psychiatry. How? Simply because mass audiences could be reached.

Not unnaturally in a field noted for its conservatism, George Wagner's views were greeted with scant respect and not a little hostility. One authority, a Dr Max Rosenbloom, even went so far as to suggest that Dr Wagner 'is playing with less than a full deck.'

Undaunted, George Wagner continued to devote much thoughtful energy to his theories. Before the war, in 1936 while still at medical school, he'd won a gold medal at the Berlin Olympics as a middleweight wrestler. To him, wrestling was akin to intercourse in that both were violent and intense forms of human activity. He reasoned that a furious clash between two men, especially if one was a fair-fighting, clean-cut 'Goody' and the other a rule-breaking monster of a 'Baddy', would be instantly and widely recognised as a classic form of symbolic psychic conflict. And if Wagner himself were to take on the role of 'Baddy' . . . 'The more spectators hate me, the more they will be free to love one another', he wrote.

George Wagner, with his usual gusto, set about transforming himself into a 'Baddy'. He bleached his own brown hair and allowed it to grow until it fell in golden waves about his shoulders; he altered his own personality sufficiently to take on skin-crawling traits of homosexuality, narcissism, transvestism, exhibitionism and cowardice; he discarded the sober-styled, mute-patterned suits and quiet ties from his wardrobe and dressed himself in garish combinations of silks, velvets and lamés. Predictably, his professional colleagues were appalled, but the public were dazzled. Dr George Wagner was, to all purposes, dead. Gorgeous George, the wrestling psychiatrist, was very much alive. In the ring, Gorgeous George swiftly became 'the man they love to hate'. Crowds would work themselves into paroxysms of fury as he skipped daintily into the ring blowing kisses and then demolished opponents with every foul and unfair trick in the book. Take his 'fairy mind waves' for example. George would drive his unfortunate adversaries to distraction by capering round them, 'hypnotising' them with quick flicking wrist movements while making effeminate kissing sounds and puckered lip gestures.

Gorgeous George ready for action.



Mock-agony from the wrestling doctor only incited the crowd to new heights of fury.

After a year of Gorgeous George's antics however, in early 1950, the Committee on Ethics of the American Psychiatric Association gave him a stark ultimatum – 'choose between wrestling and psychiatry'. It was a choice that George Wagner found impossible to make. As if spurred on by some insane desire to make his wrestling acceptable, he took on more and more bouts – charity as well as paid contests – until it became apparent that he was fast nearing breaking-point. On the night of March 7, 1950, he broke.

He was at Madison Square Garden in New York preparing for a bout with Haystacks Calhoun when a message reached him that one of his patients at Bellevue Hospital urgently wanted to see him. Ordering the undercard to be prolonged, Gorgeous George flung on a green-and-gold cape over his pink tights and rushed for a taxi. A few minutes later, he hit Bellevue like a rainbow whirlwind.

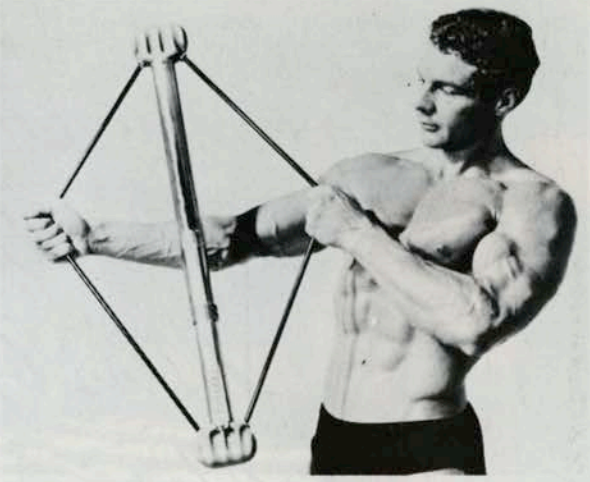
As always at the hospital, a policeman was on routine duty. His eyes widened and he instinctively reached for his police-issue .38 as he caught sight of Gorgeous George. So this giant harlequin of a man claimed he was a Doctor. A shrink too, blabbing about being in a hurry and not being able to keep his fans waiting. Yeah, sure thing, Bud. Let's hold it right there, OK? He placed a warning hand on George's shoulder. And that, in Gorgeous George's agitated state, was a mistake. In an instant, the luckless policeman found himself sprawled on the floor, felled by a rain of blows. Pandemonium broke loose as nurses screamed and orderlies tried to subdue the enraged Wagner. The hospital corridor was transformed into a wrestling arena as the Doctor, his mind locked onto his Gorgeous George *alter-ego*, played havoc with those attempting to overpower him. It was the famed wrestler/physician's final – and most bizarre – contest.

Eventually, in a welter of flailing limbs and tattered costume, he was brought under control and straitjacketed. Sedated and defeated, Gorgeous George Wagner would never again be able to put his strange psychiatric theories into practice. Wrestling lost a complex and colourful personality and the medical profession probably breathed a secret sigh of relief.

George Wagner never really recovered from this episode. He slipped quietly out of New York and re-appeared across the continent in Los Angeles, where he opened a small bar and wrote his autobiography, *Is There a Doctor In The Ring?* He died, some thought a broken man, in 1963. He was just 48. Had he lived only a few more years, he would at least have had the satisfaction of seeing a growing number of psychiatrists begin to admit that his unorthodox methods had some substance; that the violence of the wrestling ring *can* have a purging effect on some viewers. We may yet see George Wagner's theories totally vindicated, but while psychiatrists argue, wrestling fans are in no doubt: Gorgeous George will be remembered as the best 'Baddy' of them all.

WHEN WERE YOU LAST REALLY FIT?

AN EXPERT TELLS YOU HOW TO GET BACK IN SHAPE



Jean Texier, Mr. France, demonstrates one of the easy 7 second exercises that keep him in top physical shape.

Even if you're not particularly interested in building he-man muscles, you owe it to yourself to keep your body fit. It's a sad fact of today's life that many men ignore this point and end up regretting it when they find they've become "old men" long before their time. Thanks to modern exercising techniques, 'keeping fit' is now easier than ever. Jean Texier, Mr. France and leading fitness specialist, tells you how.

Q What does fitness mean?

A For normally healthy people, fitness is a simple matter of maintaining muscle tone through exercise. In other words - using your muscles often enough and hard enough to keep them healthy and trim.

Q How does lack of fitness show?

A The answer depends on how old you are. If you're still in your teens or early twenties, it's largely a matter of physical development. Young men with pipe-stem arms, caved-in chests, drooping shoulders or bird-like legs aren't fit. When you're a little older the first signs are usually a roll of fat around the middle and a lack of pep and energy. After 40, the whole body tends to become flabby.

Q Does the waistline tell the whole story?

A Not at all. Anybody can trim a few inches off his waist in a couple of minutes exercise a day. But once the waistline is slimmed, you'll probably notice a "rubber tyre" of fat above the waistline (on the upper abdominal muscles) and below the waistline (over the kidneys and gluteal muscles).

Q Can't I get results for specific areas of my body?

A Of course, but the best way to go about it is to get your whole body back into good physical condition before you undertake specialised training for specific results (flat, trim abdomen - bigger biceps - more powerful wrists - stronger back muscles - broader and deeper chest - more stamina in legs - etc.)

Q Can sports keep me fit?

A Yes, indeed, if practised regularly and for long enough periods. Swimming, jogging, gymnastics, tennis, football, squash, can all help keep you in top condition provided you practise the sport for at least an hour three or four days a week - every week.

Q Isn't there an easier way?

A Yes, there's an outstanding home training method which I use and recommend. It's fast, easy and really gets results.

Q What's it called?

A Bullworker training. It's based on Isometric techniques which have been proved to increase strength three times faster than sports or conventional calisthenics. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system on the market today.

Q How long does it take?

A The 7-exercise introductory programme requires only 70 seconds of exercise per day. The complete advanced training programme takes about 5 minutes.

Q When do the results start?

A Right from the very first day. The Bullworker is fitted with a built-in measuring device which shows you exactly how much progress you make every day. And the results can be very impressive - up to 4% more strength per week, up to a 50% improvement in the first three months. I've seen many men go on to double and even triple their strength.

Q How long does it take to see visible results?

A From 10 days to three weeks depending on how well you train and how regularly. Each additional week brings even more impressive results.

Q But it's hard work, isn't it?

A Not at all. The whole point of Isometrics is that by "exercising" for only 7 seconds at a time, you avoid the excess muscle strain and fatigue of "crash" training programmes which often do more harm than good. Bullworker training is gauged to each user's personal potential. You progress at your own rate. As your strength increases you move on to specialised exercises, but your training always seems easy because every day you're in better shape.

Q Is there an age limit?

A Generally speaking, men between 15 and 65 in good general health can expect to benefit from fitness and strength building training. The results, of course, will differ with your age.

Young men should use Bullworker to improve their muscular development: broad, powerful shoulders - rippling biceps - a deep, manly chest tapering down to a slim waist and hips supported by muscular, contoured thighs and calves.

Men in their thirties should use Bullworker to maintain peak physical form and for toning-up the muscles of their abdomen, chest, shoulders and upper arms. After 2 or 3 weeks of training you'll probably see muscles you didn't even know you had.

From 45 on, Bullworker should be used to regain and maintain a youthful, vigorous body that belies the passing years. I've seen Bullworker users in their fifties with more energy, power and vigour than many younger men.

Q How can I find out more about the Bullworker and perhaps actually try it out?

A I understand that the British distributor is now offering the Bullworker on a two-week free home trial basis in order to give as many men as possible a chance to prove to themselves what an outstanding fitness trainer it is. If you're interested in getting back into shape fast, I recommend you contact the distributor for full details.

Leisure Arts Ltd., BULLWORKER,
20 St. Ann's Crescent, London SW18 2LZ

FREE 14-DAY HOME TRIAL COUPON

Leisure Arts Ltd., BULLWORKER, Dept. M1.
20 St. Ann's Crescent, London SW18 2LZ

Tick box to indicate which offer you prefer.

☐ Please send me a Bullworker. If after 14 days I am not delighted with the results, I will return it post paid and the matter will end right there. Otherwise I will keep it and pay just £1.85 at end of the trial period, followed by 5 consecutive monthly payments of £3.10 each, total £16.85 Or I can SAVE £2.00 by paying £15.45 at the end of my 14-day trial.

SPECIAL FAST DELIVERY OFFER SAVES EXTRA £2.60

☐ I prefer to SAVE £2.60 by enclosing cheque/P.O. for £14.85 I can return the Bullworker post paid after 14 days for full cash refund if not delighted. *Cheques/P.O.s payable to Isotonic Equipment.*

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NAME .... (block letters)

ADDRESS ....

....

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Div. of Leisure Arts Ltd. – Reg'd. No. 689088

Runner-up to Miss World 1975

Miss Germany Marina Langner

If you'd been in London on the evening of November 20, 1975, and in the vicinity of the Royal Albert Hall, you might have noticed a slight tension in the chill autumn air. If, with your curiosity aroused, you had perhaps ventured in the arena, you would have witnessed all of the colour and drama surrounding

the annual Miss World competition. As you'd watched the 68 gorgeous entrants parade past you, you may have singled out one girl in particular as being just a bit special. Tall, long-legged, with a firm 35–23–35 figure and a mass of shining red-gold hair. Marina Langner, the 22-year-old Miss Germany from Munich made an instant impression on viewers and judges alike. Millions avidly watching the contest on television saw Marina just fail in her bid for the Miss World crown, coming second to Miss Puerto Rico. Back in the plush surrounds of the Britannia Hotel, with all the celebrations over and the last champagne bottle drained, Marina allowed herself a brief moment of relaxation before jetting out of London, bound for Paris. 'Life

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUNO BERNARD

is going to be really hectic over the next few weeks,' explained Marina as she rushed around her room packing. 'I've got a modelling job in Paris and then as soon as that's over, I'm going back to Munich.' She smiled. 'The party after the contest was great, but now it's over, it's time to get back to work again. I do a lot of fashion work at home for magazines – I must have carried out hundreds of assignments over the past few years.' Marina's busy schedule leaves her little enough time to enjoy the pleasures of Munich's nightlife. The trendy Schwabing district with its intimate little bistros and great beer halls like the celebrated and historic *Hofbrauhaus* are visited all too rarely. Even the undoubted delights of Munich's two great annual festivals – *Fasching* in the spring and *Oktoberfest* in the autumn – when the entire city seems to join in a hilarious community knees-up and beer consumption is measured not in pints, but in gallons, can only be enjoyed work permitting. 'Still,' says Marina cheerfully, 'Munich's a great place

to live. I've got a nice apartment and . . . Boyfriends?' Marina grins. 'That's my secret. I'll tell you something that isn't a secret though: my ambition to break into films.' This ambition of Marina's is one which photographer Bruno Bernard reckons is a definite possibility. It was Bruno's pictures that helped launch Marilyn Monroe on her career and as he says of Marina: 'She has one of the most sensational figures I have ever seen.' High praise indeed from such a knowledgeable judge and a view with which it's hard to imagine anyone disagreeing. Over the next few years, we'll all doubtless see Marina on the screen and recall this —her memorable nude pictorial.

SPECIAL EXPORT
Heineken

ONCE YOU'VE TRIED ONE, YOU WON'T BE IN A HURRY TO TRY ANOTHER.

One sip of Heineken Special Export is enough to put the brake on anyone's drinking habits.

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So to down it in one (or even two or three) is to do it a great disservice.

Sip it slowly. Like Chateau Margaux '59.

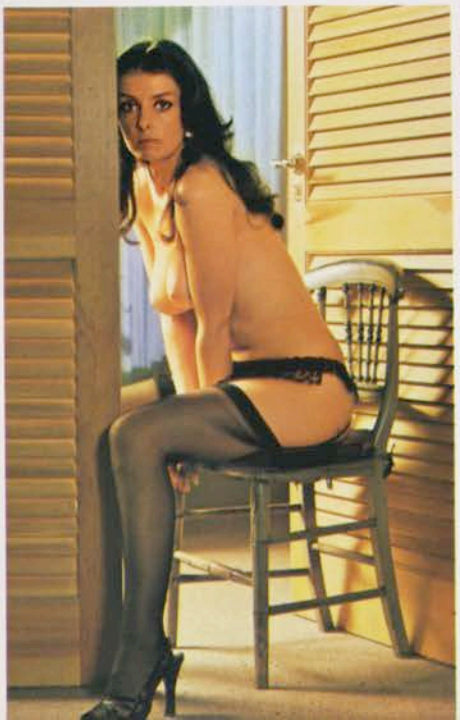
And if you don't have time for a second, what does it matter? You'll get more out of one pint of Special Export than you would out of two of your usual.

SLOW-BREWED
HEINEKEN SPECIAL EXPORT.

ELEANOR

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Eleanor Chisholm is a girl who currently finds herself in two minds over a weighty problem: She lives and works in Worcester, but has been offered a new job with better prospects and more money in London. 'It's a tough decision to have to make,' sighs our 24-year-old, 36–23–35 centre-girl. 'I really love Worcester and would hate to leave it. I'm a sort of behind-the-scenes girl with a company marketing farm



equipment. I make sure orders are filled and keep our reps supplied with samples and catalogues, but our Head Office in London reckon I could be destined for better things.' Eleanor smiles. 'It's naturally flattering, but I'm always so over-awed when I go to London. It's so vast. I always feel a bit lost. Round here it's perfect. There's a really good shopping precinct in Blackfriars Square which is traffic-free so you can wander around in peace and there's even somewhere to go if you fancy a bit of a rave-up at night – a club called *Sacha's* in New Street, which isn't all that far away from where I live. My favourite place of all though is *The Ripperidge Inn* in Dunhampton. No, I don't know how it got its name, but I'm sure it's got nothing to do with Jack the Ripper – not in these parts anyway! The Inn has a kind of African theme to its decor – Zulu shields and spears and that sort of thing. It's super.' Eleanor pauses. 'Actually, it's a shame that the men around here aren't as interesting as the pubs and clubs. If they were, a girl

could have a great time and I'd *never* leave. They seem to split into two types: one lot reckon they have the right to start groping as soon as they've bought you a drink – the others are so slow a girl could die of boredom waiting to be seduced. At least London men have a bit of finesse. Sometimes I practically have to strip off and dive into bed first before a Worcester lad twigs that I fancy him. Real country bumpkins they are. All my efforts at flirting are wasted. Such a shame, don't you think?'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / ELEANOR CHISHOLM

IF YOU'VE DECIDED TO OWN HI-FI SYSTEM, HERE ARE

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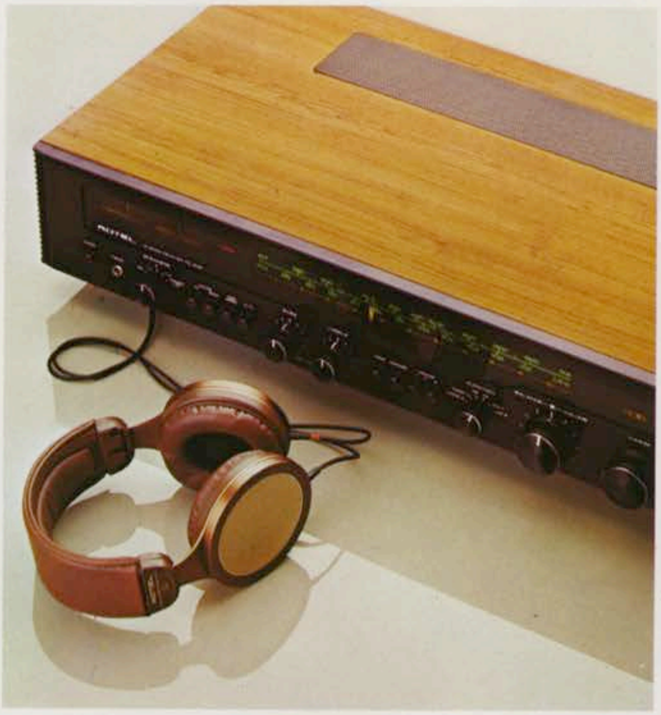

ROTEL
RX602 receiver and RH930 headphones.

One thing you'll never be short of when buying a Hi-fi system is advice. Your friends will all become 'experts' overnight, and recommend an endless series of decks, speakers and amplifiers with bewildering facilities and strange foreign names.

It's all well meant, of course, but enough to make you yearn for the return of the radiogram.

There ought to be a better way to buy good equipment than walking into your dealer with a spinning head and a mile-long list.

Fortunately, there is. And it's called Rotel.

A Rotel system can be as comprehensive or as modest as your needs and your pocket dictate.

For around £580, you could buy the system we show here. You'll probably never have heard anything so good this side of £1,000 and you won't want to change anything for years.

On the other hand, around £200 will purchase an outfit with a record deck, speakers and amplifier of equal quality but smaller power, and ideal for the more compact room. Naturally you can add a Rotel tuner or cassette deck at a later stage, confident that they will harmonise both audibly and visibly.

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* The Rotel RP 3000 is supplied without a cartridge. Your dealer will help you choose the most suitable.

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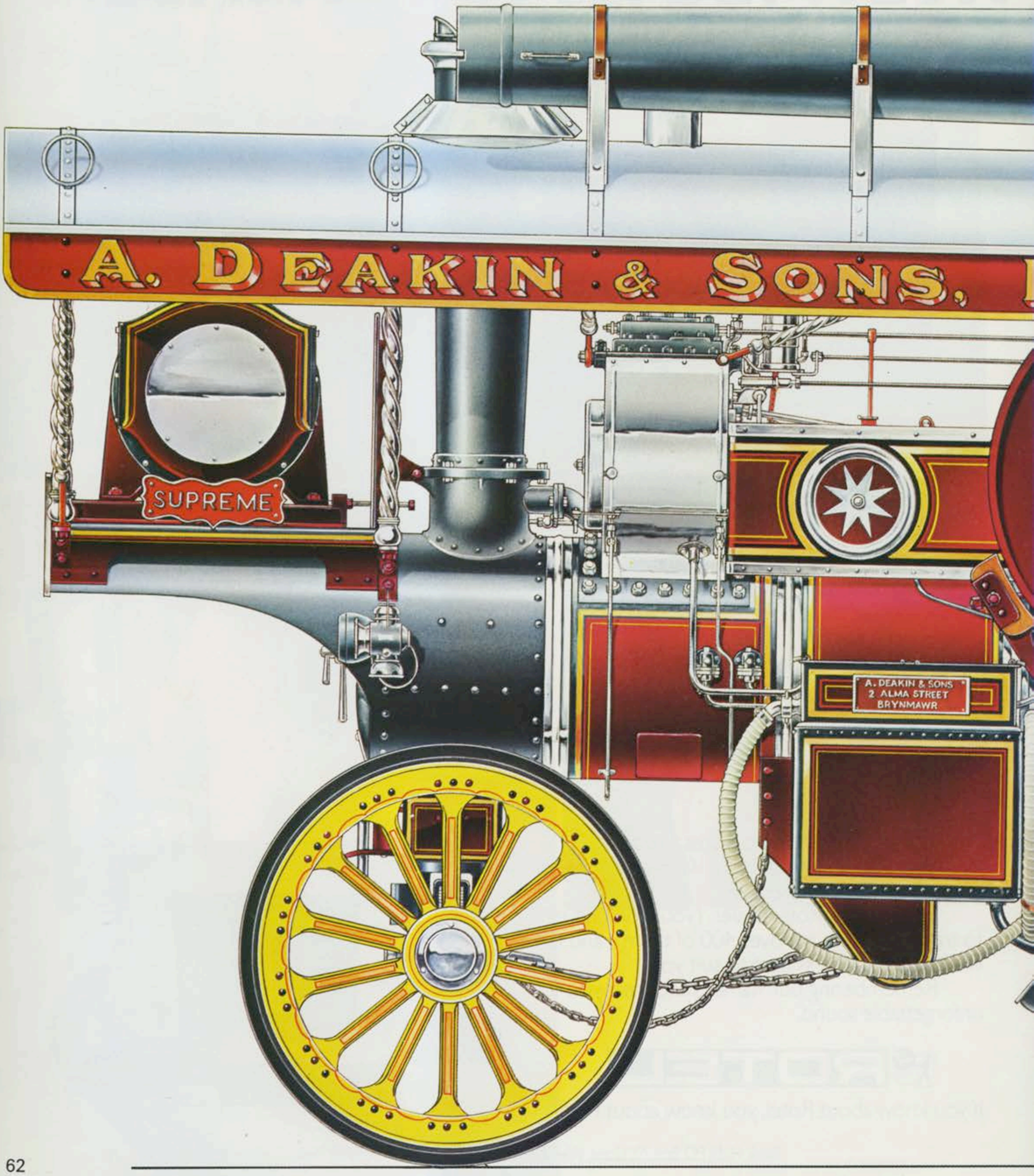
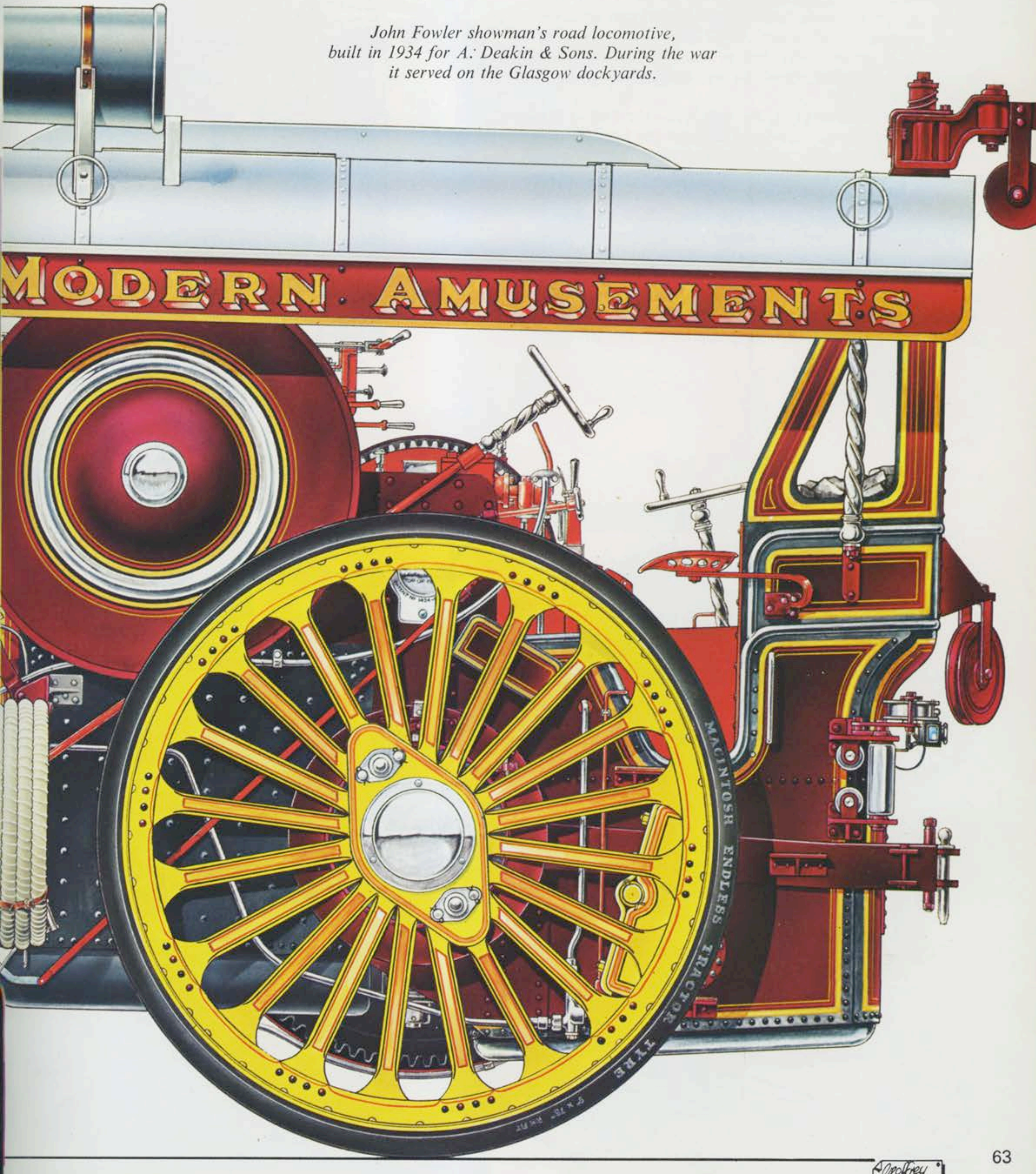
FIVE WHEELERS

Among traction enthusiasts one artist reigns supreme, his name synonymous with meticulous attention to detail. But for Geoffrey Wheeler, it is simply a labour of love. Here we present five of his most impressive illustrations


A. DEAKIN & SONS,
SUPREME
A. DEAKIN & SONS
2 ALMA STREET
BRYNMAWR

Wherever lovers of steam traction power gather, then not too far away you'll find Geoffrey Wheeler, the man who through the skill of his artist's hands, has recreated on paper all the power and majesty of these work-horses of yester-year. Geoffrey Wheeler started on his road to success when, in 1958 as a service engineer working in London he found that he had time to attend art school if he started his rounds early in the morning. But not until 1960, at the age of 30, did he take the gamble and give up a full-time job to concentrate on his illustrations. Then in 1966 Derek Taylor, organiser of the prestigious Sudbury Mammoth Olde Tyme Rallye, who had seen one of Geoffrey's freelance illustrations in the comic *Eagle*, asked him to supply some of his drawings for an exhibit at the next rally. His confidence boosted, Geoffrey got the idea of making his own prints, which he now sells at rallies, and

John Fowler showman's road locomotive, built in 1934 for A. Deakin & Sons. During the war it served on the Glasgow dockyards.

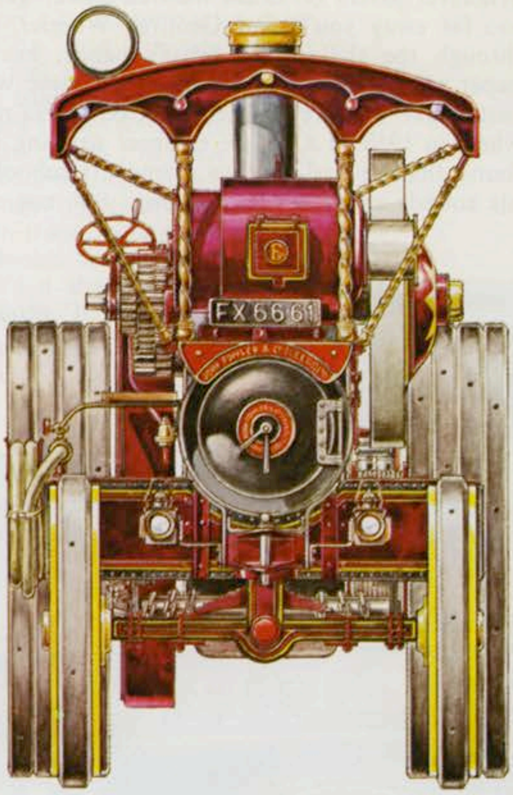


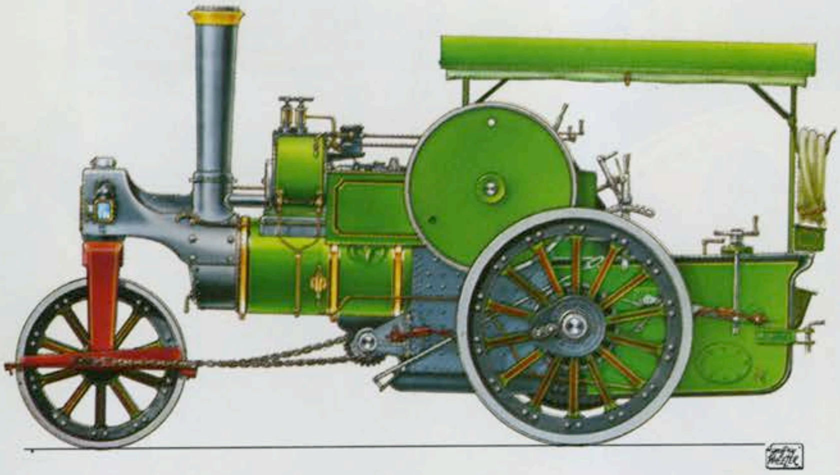
Geoffrey Wheeler

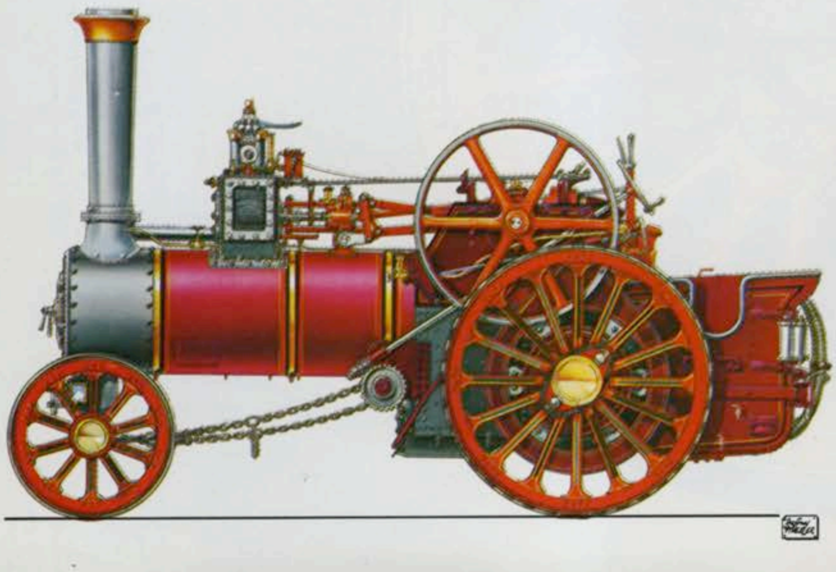
which have found their way as far afield as Australia. The research for each drawing is prodigious. First, find an engine to draw, though once he's found it, the owner usually very eager to help. Then he must find any photographs or original blueprints, handbooks, etc, and from there, with the help of fellow enthusiasts, deduce the original colour scheme. He draws the engine in pencil and when it is right he airbrushes in the colour.

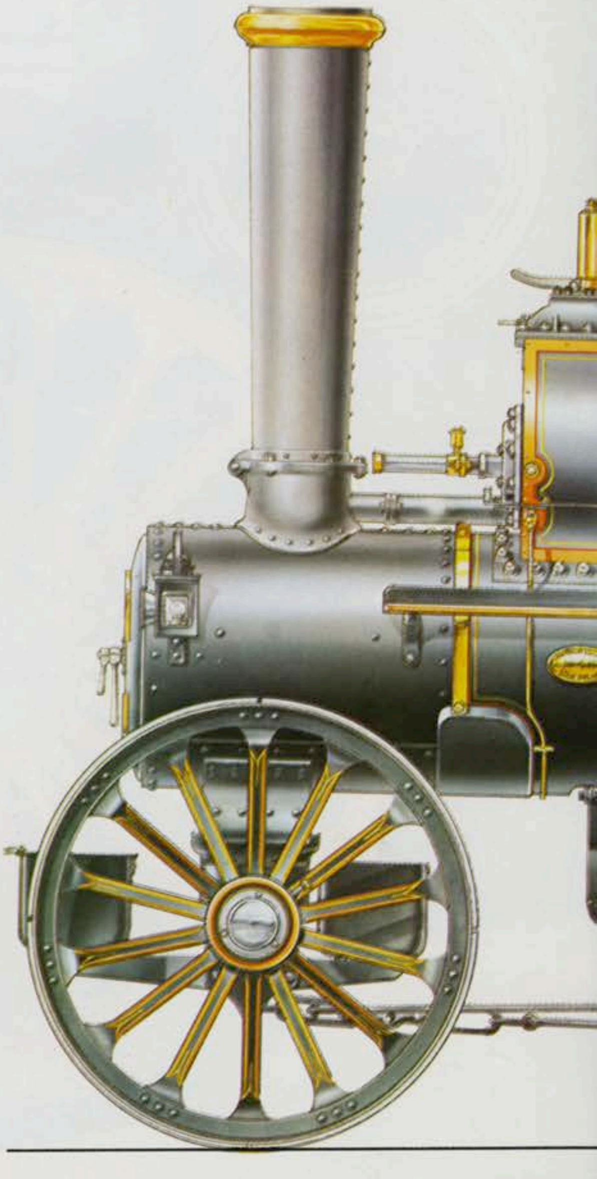
Geoffrey's great ambition is to roll up at a rally in his own showman's road locomotive in all its glory and under its own power, but unfortunately they've created their own market, selling for as much as £27,000. Meanwhile he's building a 2″ scale model and is kicking himself for not buying the real thing when the opportunity arose in the 1950s for a mere £85.

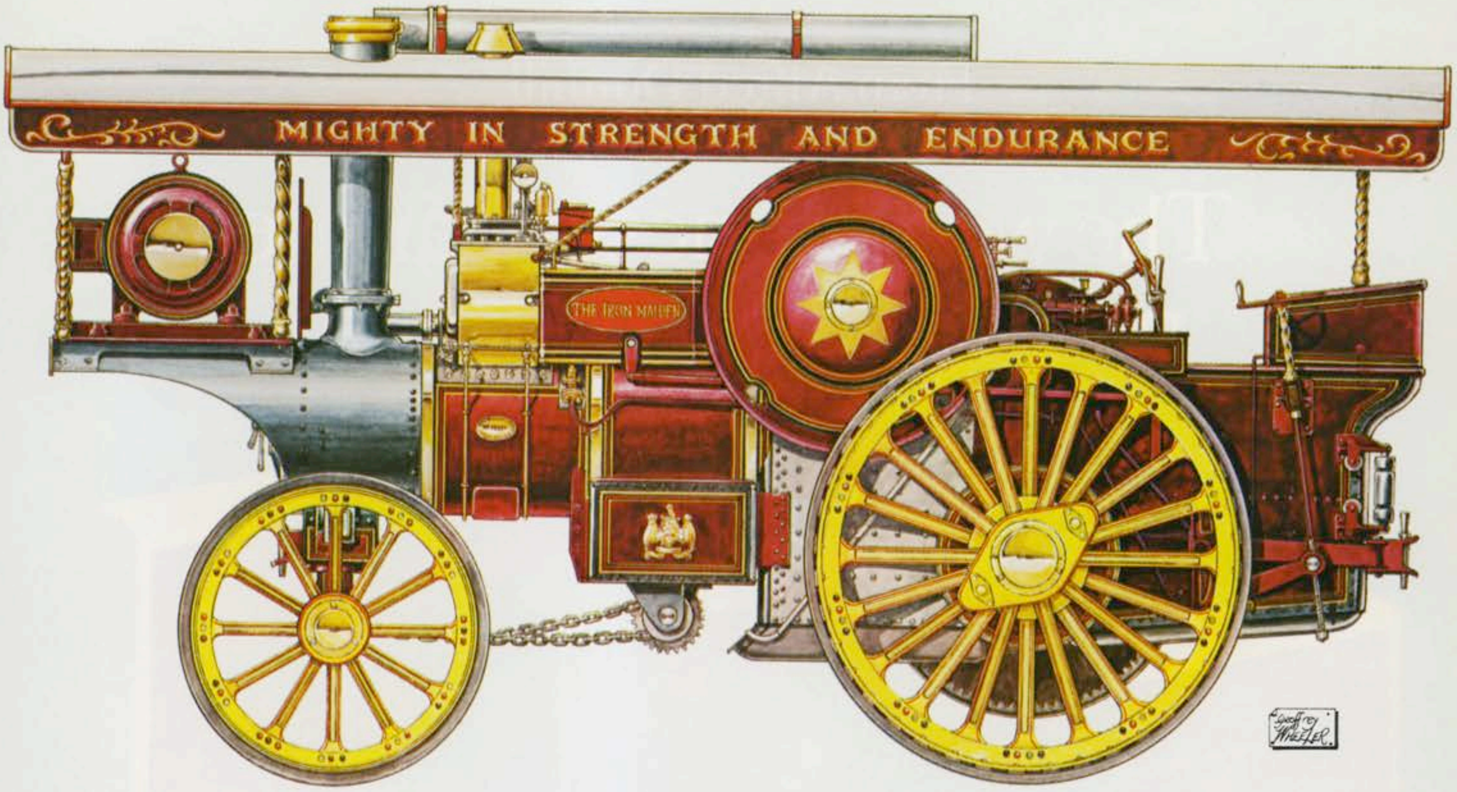
If you want a Wheeler print, the two here—the Fowler class BB1 ploughing engine (bottom right) and the Fowler showman's road locomotive 'Supreme' (opening illustration) – measure 17″ × 24″ and cost £1.50 (plus 25p p & p) direct from Geoffrey Wheeler, 'Excelsior', 84 Hazlemere Road, Penn, High Wycombe, Bucks. The other three illustrations (these pages) – the Fowler showman's road locomotive 'Iron Maiden', the Burrell 7 nhp traction engine and the Aveling and Porter steam roller – plus the 'Supreme' showman's engine mentioned earlier, come in greetings card form, are published by the Parnassus Gallery, Aylesbury Street, London EC1 and cost from 18p to 23p from many gift shops.



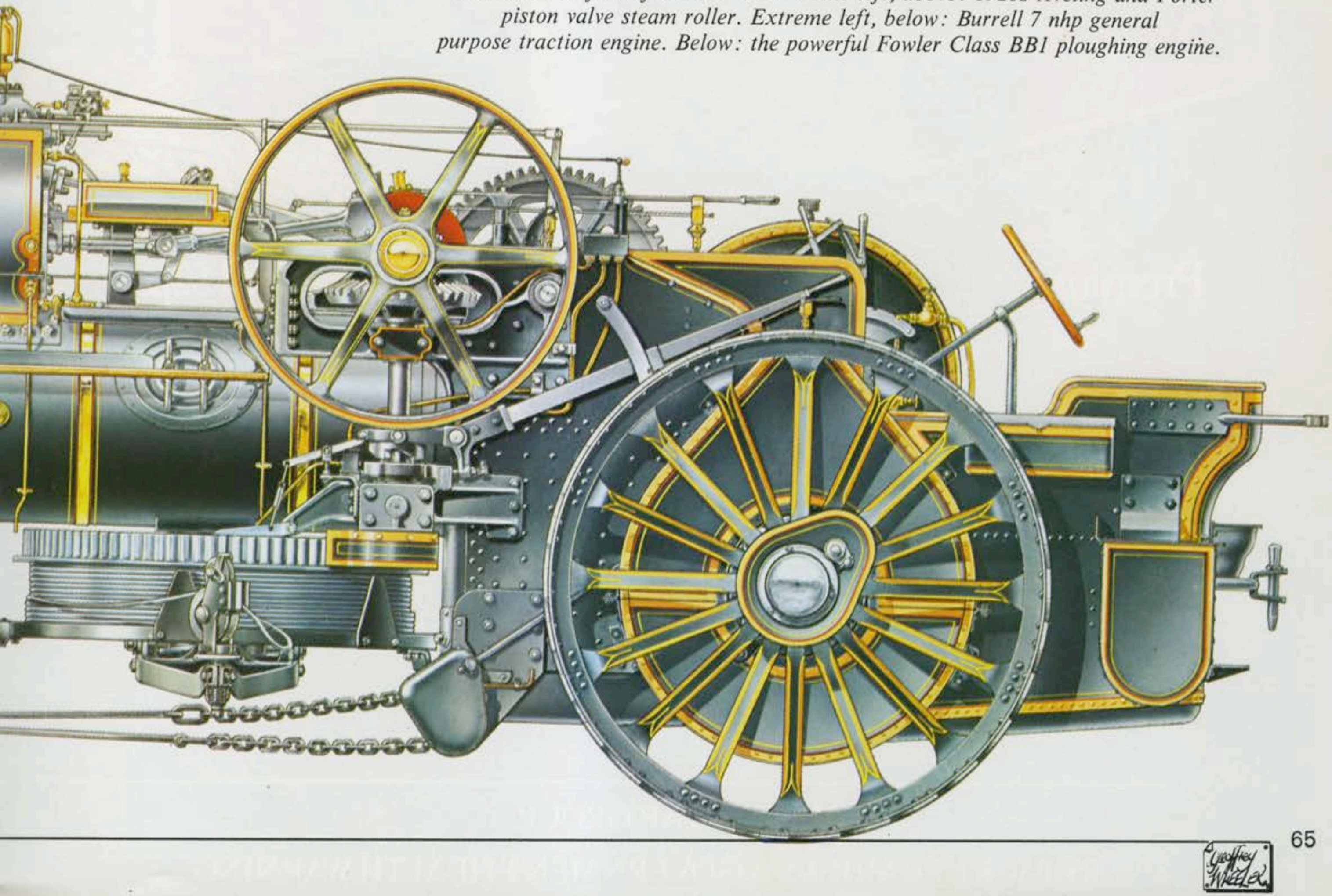







MIGHTY IN STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE
THE IRON MAIDEN

Above left and above: Fowler showman's road locomotive, 'Iron Maiden'. Built in 1920, and named 'Kitchener', it worked in the Portland stone quarry in Dorset and was later converted for show use. As the 'Iron Maiden' it starred in the film of that name. Extreme left, above: 1920s Aveling and Porter piston valve steam roller. Extreme left, below: Burrell 7 nhp general purpose traction engine. Below: the powerful Fowler Class BB1 ploughing engine.



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The Walrus

continued from page 38

Nursing Service Medals where her Mae West had failed to fit. The good lady was apprehensive of both flying and the young man's navigation. The 50 mile journey took an hour against the strong headwind. The dowager repeatedly asked Groves if he was certain of their position. As Groves eased L2239 into Sullom Voe, the ack-ack cruiser *Carlisle* opened fire on him. Groves fumbled for the Very pistol stowed on the other side of the cabin. 'They are just practising, Ma'am,' he assured the Wren. She was unsure of the pistol's purpose. The flak stopped when the correct recognition cartridge was fired. Groves later learned that *Carlisle* was shooting at a Heinkel 111 which was on his tail. The Wren was later heard to relate how, 'As I suspected, the pilot had lost his way and we had arrived over Heligoland. He was prepared to kill me to save me from that fate worse than death which I might have suffered.'

Grove's hurried landing was typical of many made by Walruses, whose strength, reliability, gentleness and ruggedness were legendary. It was an aircraft of unorthodox concepts and construction, as may be seen from a verse current during the war.

The time has come the Walrus said
To talk of many things
Of pusher screws and Shagbats
And strutted, swept back wings.
I'm an aeronautical wonder
And if that is not enough,
Then I've wheels that I can land on
When the sea's a bit too rough.

That the 'aeronautical wonder' flew at all surprised many people. That she got into active service was a miracle of string pulling by her protagonists. These were mostly officers from the Royal Australian Navy, which was desperately keen to get the Walrus into service. The lives she saved were perhaps scant thanks to foresight by anyone in British politics.

The original specification was issued by the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF), which had much experience of operating small amphibians. They requested a machine capable of keeping a crew of three aloft for four hours, and to have the duality of being stressed for catapult launch and recovery at maximum operational weight of 8,000 lbs (3.5 tons), as well as water performance allowing take off from waves six feet high. Opinion outside Australia was that the requirements were too difficult. Thus it was almost inevitable that the contract for such a seaplane should be won by Supermarine. The firm had been founded by Noel Pemberton-Billing, one of the 'characters' of early aviation, and was subsequently taken over by the giant Vickers Armstrong organisation, but allowed to continue more or less independently. This gave Supermarine access to the parent company's vast research capacity and also its sophisticated wind tunnels and the flotation tank in which various sea conditions could be reproduced in miniature. It also gave full rein to the eccentric talents of 35-year-old R. J. Mitchell – ex-railway engineer now turned aircraft designer, and best remembered for the Spitfire. His way-out ideas on streamlining, unusual materials and construction were sure to solve the quotation. The prototype Seagull V was ready by June 21, 1933. The four years from original specification to actual flight is one of divided interest by Supermarine, who then were developing the Spitfire, and a certain amount of bad image not helped by RAF control of Naval flying and lack of interest in seaborne planes. It must have been a good design, for only five days later Chief Test Pilot Mutt Summers took off from the waters of Woolston and proceeded to loop and roll this unusual aircraft before a knowledgeable but surprised assembly at the second exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors at Hendon. From there it passed for 17 months of evaluation at the Air Ministry Experimental Establishment at Martlesham. With the Royal Navy acting as programme manager for the Australians, a very good seaplane was built up into a highly versatile workmaid, beloved of its pilots and with scarcely a bad word uttered or written about her.

The Walrus' description is contained in Air Publication 1515 (Vol. I), a sort of owner's handbook put on the driver's seat at delivery.

'The hull is constructed of girder section frames inter-connected by a keel and stringer and is covered by a skin of Alklad . . . The main planes have equal span and chord and the same aerofoil section, the spars and box ribs being constructed of stainless steel and the ordinary ribs being spruce. The upper and lower surfaces of the main planes are fabric covered whilst the nose portions of the main planes are covered with plywood. Hinged flaps are also provided on the bottom planes to permit the folding of the planes.

The plane is rendered amphibious by permanently attached u/carriage units, which are retractable. The units are hydraulically operated (by hand pump between the front seats), their retracted or extended position being visually indicated in the pilot's cockpit. In conjunction with the engine throttle control hand-lever, audible warning is also given when the u/c units are not locked in fully extended position.'

This audio signal, now standard for many aircraft functions, was incorporated following an incident which almost saw the end of the Walrus as a naval aircraft.

'We don't like it . . .'

On October 4, 1935 Lieut. Jago (who was the first to land a Walrus on a flight deck) was returning the new C-in-C, Sir Roger Backhouse, to his flagship *HMS Nelson* at Portland. Much of the flight was below a cloud base of 2,000 feet and, in obedience of the regulation in force at that time, Jago flew with wheels down whilst he was over the land. It had not yet been appreciated that a Walrus would best crash land with wheels up. The inevitable happened, Jago put prototype K4797 down with wheels locked for landing. The aircraft nose dived into the harbour. The passengers got out, and the Walrus survived because she was too good a machine to scrap.

In spite of a pilot called G. R. Brown once managing to get his Walrus airborne with nine fellow pilots wanting a lift back to base, the normal complement was a crew of three. The pilot sat on his own with Observer (Navigator) and Telegraphist Air Gunner (Tag) in a separate cabin forward of the leading edges. These two operated the defensive armament of two Lewis guns or two Vickers K gas-operated machine guns mounted on Scarff rings for all round fire from front and back hatches, and had duties when the aircraft became a boat.

The Walrus was at its most effective when taking off directly into both wind and waves. Often she would skip from one wave crest to the next, but each bounce brought her closer to unsticking. By climbing full throttle up the side of an oncoming ocean roller, she could be airborne in a remarkably short time. She was at her worst when the sea was running at right angles to the wind, and the rolling action caused one wing to lift and the other to dip. With an air speed of 80 knots (maximum 135 at 4,750 feet) the Walrus used 25 gallons per hour of a capacity of two 75 gallon tanks in the wings. Under normal load and 2,000 rpm she climbed at 1,050 feet per minute to a service ceiling of 18,500 feet. In operational practice it was rarely possible to vary the speed much either side of 82 knots.

Being as much a boat as an aircraft she also carried a variety of equipment ranging from detachable towing bollards which could be rigged as an attachment point when the aircraft was taken in tow, to a drogue, to a 'muffin bell' for sea navigation in fog.

In spite of her land and sea take-off and landing qualities, the Walrus saw much of her active service as a catapult plane. For those who never saw it, catapult operation was interesting and spectacular.

The actual launch mechanism consisted of a ramp which could be extended to protrude over the side of the slip and along which ran an accelerating trolley propelled either by multiplying pulley and wire or by cordite charge. The Walrus was held on the trolley by four automatic clamping and releasing arms. With the Pegasus going all out she could be raised from rest to 56.5 knots in as many feet. There was a precise drill for

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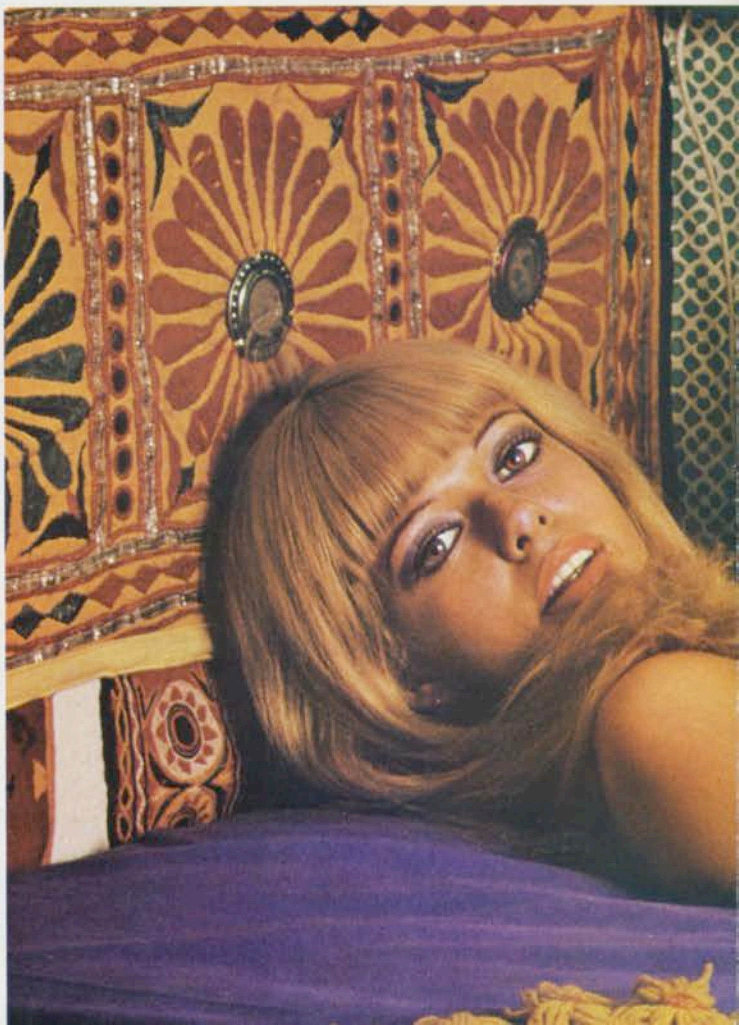
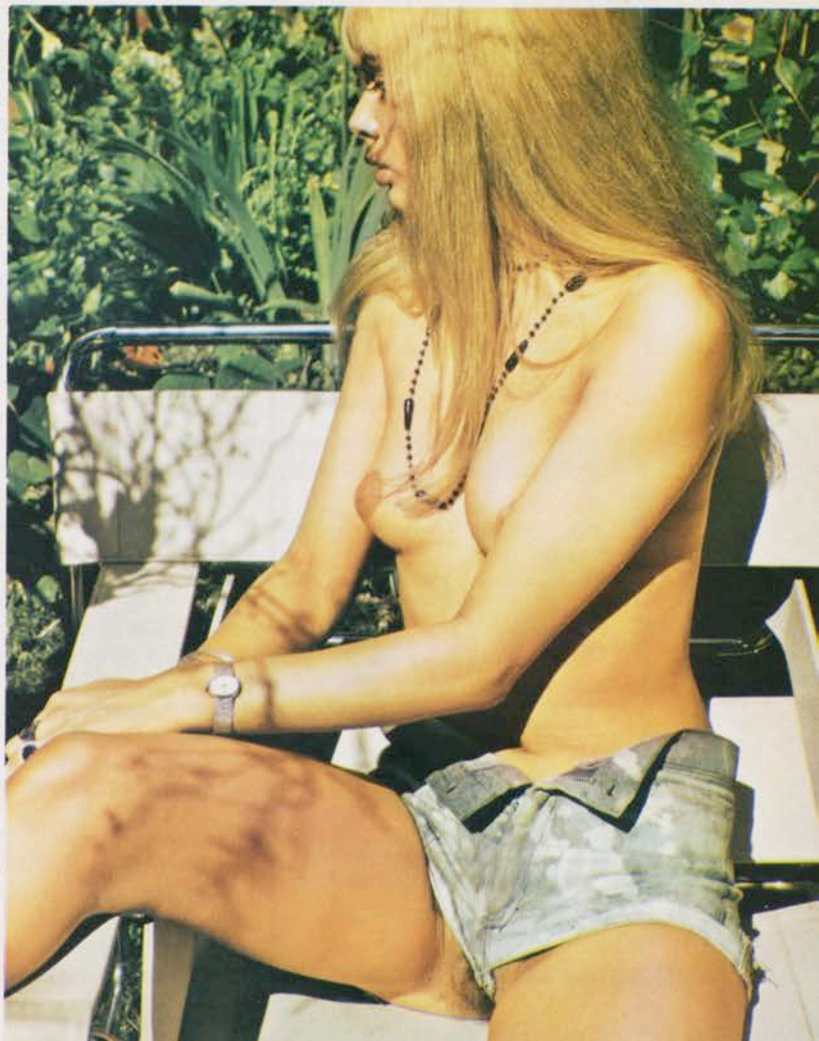
JANA

Jana – 'my real name is Jacquetta, but it's such a mouthful' – Lewis is 21 years old, a Gemini, a saleslady – of antiques – sometimes a model and possibly a witch. 'Or a medium,' she says, sweeping aside strands of long blonde hair and including us vaguely in a wide-eyed gaze. 'A lot of my relatives have been psychic and there's no reason at all why I shouldn't have inherited it. I have very strong intuitions about things and very often I'm proved right.' She brightens suddenly. 'Like the pictures you took of me, I was sure you'd use them.' No wonder then that Jana hails from that mecca of magic and the occult, Glastonbury in Somerset. 'The silly thing,' she says, 'is that I was was completely unaware of the magical side of the place until

I went away and someone said: "You must have felt the atmosphere there" but I never noticed until I went back. And it *is* there, especially in summer, sort of tingly and sparkling. I'm sure anything could happen.' 'Away' for Jana was a course in the history of art at a technical college in Bristol, a place where she now lives 'most of the time' – sharing a flat in a rambling redbrick house in the city's Redlands district. Other times find her tracking down antiques from Bristol to London in company with her partner – 'he's the real expert, but he does let me buy things I *feel* sure about'. The results of their expeditions go on sale in a small, cluttered shop on the outskirts of Bristol, or on a stall shared with friends in London's Portobello Market. But leisure times draw Jana back to Glastonbury. 'Did you know all the country's ley lanes are supposed to go through there? Don't you know what they are? Almost all the most ancient monuments in the country are apparently lined up with each other – usually in huge triangular shapes. Some actually believe flying saucers follow.



them. I'd like to go saucer-spotting, but I usually get distracted.' Distraction comes easy to Jana. 'It's my Gemini nature,' she explains. 'The heavenly twins. I'm always in two minds about everything. I'm terribly forgetful. I once agreed to go to a party with three boys, separately. I mean, two would be bad enough, but *three*. I felt so silly, but luckily I never seem to really upset anybody. I think they understand it's not deliberate. I do get on with so many people.' Her forehead puckers with a passing thought. 'I'm not promiscuous, though. I knew girls at college who slept around, and they get so bitter. One night stands are a lovely idea, but they have to be pretty overwhelming to be worthwhile. I've known all my boyfriends for ages and ages before we've done anything. Then suddenly it's beautiful. Jana's 34–23–34 frame shivers with pleasant thoughts. 'My only problem is finding tall men. I'm such a beanpole, five feet nine, though I once had a lovely relationship with a man who was five feet tall. My intuition told me it would be fun, and it was!'



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The Walrus

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launching, but it often depended entirely on the Directing Officer timing the 'execute' signal to match the upward roll of the ship. Launching on the 'down' could pitch the aircraft straight into the sea. This, plus catapult failure, caused many 'dud' launches, but caused only one fatality in 10 years of launching Walruses by this method. There was a certain loss of face at one demonstration launch when the trolley failed to engage the stops and hurtled overboard followed by hundreds of feet of steel wire. The principal visitor was impressed with the feat of getting airborne but did query, 'Isn't it rather an expensive way of launching an aircraft?'

Recovery in rough sea could also be expensive. With the Walrus on final approach, the ship would be swung sharply to port or starboard, so that the pilot could put down on the calm 'slick' made by the turning hull. The plane would then be taxied alongside so that the patent Thomas Grab could be attached to the upper plane by the Observer and the Walrus hauled back onto the trolley by a trained party. During the hoist inboard, there was only six feet clearance between the aircraft's wingtips and the side of the ship. This gave very little room for error and damaged wings were frequent in spite of much pushing and pulling by ratings with lines and padded poles.

A remarkable feat of air/seamanship was brought off by *HMS Kenya,* whose Walrus spotted a German supply ship refuelling a U-boat. *Kenya's* big guns sank the tanker, but the submarine dived deep to safety. W2700 was almost out of fuel, and it was too dangerous for *Kenya* to heave to for recovery. She managed the retrieve whilst steaming at 15 knots into a 25-knot wind.

This then was the aircraft whose 578 production models served with reliability and distinction wherever British, Australian and other naval units were engaged in action. Mostly their service was to sweep ahead of the parent ship as an anti-submarine patrol, or to zig-zag monotonously over the immense grey ocean to locate the enemy. This task demanded spectacularly accurate navigation in times of radio silence. A number of Walruses were fitted with Air-to-Surface-Vessel Radar to assist the search, and also to make homing more certain. It was nonetheless a painstaking task. In concept, the 'Flying Gas Ring' (nicknamed because of exhaust flames from her rotary engine) was a gunnery spotter, search and rescue plane. In practice she also proved her worth in attack and other roles.

One of the 'others' occurred on December 11, 1939 when L2273 airborne from *HMAS Albatross* actually stopped a merchantman and put a crewman aboard to check her neutrality. Two days later *HMS Exeter,* engaged in battle with the *Graf Spee*, had to ditch her Walrus which had been damaged by shrapnel. The gunners missed her capacity for reporting the fall of shot, but the ship's crew were very relieved when they ditched 30 tons of inflammable high octane petrol stored specially for the plane. No one could accuse the CO of Bishop Force of any such waste of War resources. The force had been formed in 1940 under Admiral Lord Cork to prevent German use of Norway. His Lordship wanted a personal view of things and was flown over the combat area by Waltax – the nickname given to the Walruses of 7101 Squadron and the 'Steam Pigeons' (naval slang for Walrus) from the cruisers *Suffolk, Glasgow, Southampton* and *Effingham,* which flew 223 flights to transport and re-deploy personnel during the campaign, as well as performing other duties. Lord Cork was embarked in a normal bombing run allocated to one of the six new P series loaded with four 100 lb bombs. Before take-off he himself was handed a 20 lb HE bomb which he delivered smack onto a railway line by leaning out of the starboard window, determined not to miss the rare chance for a modern C-in-C to strike a personal blow at the enemy. Before Bishop force withdrew from Norway, its Shagbats carried out a highly successful bombing and machine gun raid on the German-held village of Solfolla. They then caught up *Ark Royal* and made what was for many of them their first deck landing.

Deck landings contrast strangely with modern techniques. If the Walrus approached at a rate close to her landing speed of 50 knots (57 mph) it would actually take some time for her to catch up a carrier doing 30 knots into a head wind. In spite of having no aerodynamic flaps, she was a very easy plane to land. Mostly pilots would set her down by easing back on the throttle and letting her virtually land herself. It was in just such a way that Royal Marine Officer V. B. G. Cheesman saved almost an entire ship's company.

Cheesman was ordered off at dawn from *Albatross*, lying to the buoy in Freetown Harbour, in response to a 'submarine attacking' call from *SS Eumaeus*. The merchantman was only making five knots because of boiler trouble. Her job – to ferry a naval draft of 200 'hostilities only' ratings to Cape Town. Her armament – one 1897 vintage Japanese four pounder gun, for which she had 37 rounds of ammunition, and two .303 Lewis guns. Against such a target was thrown the modern might of the Italian submarine *Commandante Cappellini* – 1,313 tons travelling at a surface speed of 17 knots and bristling with eight 21-inch torpedo tubes, two 100 mm guns and a whole range of Breda automatics. By 8.30 *Eumaeus* was gone and the sub limped off on the surface, leaving the sea littered with wounded and debris. It had been a bitter fight.

It took Cheesman, Pilot Officer Knowles and Telegrapher Lieut. Dale, 90 minutes to reach the scene at the Walrus' invariable speed of 82 knots. The carnage was immediately apparent and was only slightly relieved by dropping the gas-operated dinghy.

At a distance Knowles spotted a lifeboat which seemed in better nick than those in the main circle. He and Cheesman did some rapid arithmetic. Their fuel reserve was only 20 minutes, but they decided to risk going down for the boat and towing it to the disaster area. As they lurched crazily across the short steep sea, Knowles stood in the bow hatch with a heaving line. Mistaking the aircraft's intentions, the lifeboat's occupants cheerfully dived in and swam over. One of them took the line back to the lifeboat but was too weak to climb aboard. Picking him up again, Cheesman taxied the Walrus back to the main scene and manoeuvring to cheer up survivors was washed onto some wreckage by a freak wave. A damaged float made take-off impossible. A good look around showed that the lifeboat was much needed. Dale called a circling Walrus by Aldis lamp and got a course for a sea trip back to the lifeboat. When they found it again, Cheesman stopped the Pegasus and he himself swam over to attach a tow. By now it was noon and the temperature into the high nineties.

It was 1400 hours by the time the trawlers *Bengali* and *Spaniard* arrived from Freetown. During the wait Cheesman alternated between taxiing around to give aid and encouragement to survivors, and letting his plane idle on the long swell. Many men clambered on to the Walrus wings from where they kept watch and were treated to banter from the six foot six, black bearded figure of Lieut. Fuller, an RNVR officer from *Eumaeus*. During the whole time he swam round the area with a majestic, slow breast-stroke complete with tropical sun hat, camera and binoculars. The feat was remarkable in the subsequent light of finding that he also had a lung perforated by a shell splinter.

The pick-up took three hours and the tow back to base dragged on until next morning. There was no rest for the Walrus crew. They took it in turns on the bilge pump to keep her afloat. At Freetown they swung the salt-coated Pegasus back into life and taxied across to *Albatross*. There they heard the good news that *Eumaeus*' losses were only eight men from a ship's company of 91 and 15 ratings from the draft of 200. The Walrus had contributed hugely to one of the most remarkable rescues of the war. Her patrol had lasted 24 hours.

The patrol of *HMS Norfolk*'s Walrus lasted for several months.

Norfolk was escorting the infamous Arctic Convoy PQ17 while Lieut. Wignall was ranging radar-equipped P5706 ahead of the convoy on routine anti-submarine duty. He was at the farthest point of his patrol when the signal was made for convoy and escorts to scatter. Radio operator L.A.C. Gibbons of the inter-Service crew did not pick up any recall signal. Arriving where *Norfolk* should have been they saw nothing on the radar and nothing on the cold grey sea.

A small escort gave them the cruiser's departure course by Aldis, but three hours' steaming at 30 knots had put her beyond L5706's fuel reserves. There was no land within reach. In desperation Wignall put his aircraft down near the armed merchantman *HMS Palomares*. Put is scarcely correct. They were chased down by a Blohm and Voss flying boat. The Walrus crew prepared for an icy swim, but were surprised and delighted that *Palomares* stopped to take them in tow in spite of a Barents Sea teeming with U-boats, Stukas and Heinkels. Of the 36 cargo boats in the convoy, only 11 reached their destination. After days of yawing crazily behind a zig-zag tow, the Walrus was stripped of anything useful and hoisted aboard *SS Ocean Freedom*, from where she was ditched onto a quay at Archangel and left to rot – a fate which befell many Shagbats after their active service decline began in 1943.

After this time, the Royal Navy interest diminished. The numbers retained dropped rapidly from 55 in April 1943 to 15 in September and only 2 in 1944. The squadron aircraft were dispersed amongst Air Sea Rescue stations crewed by the RAF and to units of the Free French 'Flotille' as well as many others. As late as 1958 the Argentinian Navy still had one in service and A2–4 was rebuilt for the Sydney-London air race in 1969. She did not stay the course, which seems a sad way to finish the career of a machine renowned for its toughness and reliability. Much the same qualities were attributable to her aircrew, who needed a special sort of courage to sit in a slow, defensively armed machine in a war of eight-cannon fighter planes. It is not surprising that Walrus pilot Caspar John became Admiral of the Fleet. He had learned his fighting qualities the hard way. It is, however, very surprising that the Fleet Air Arm museum had great difficulty in finding a Walrus for their collection. Eventually they rebuilt L2301 which was rotting away at Thame in Oxfordshire. Since 1969 she has stood, complete in every detail, in the covered part of the museum. Its stillness is a far cry from the double note of the Pegasus and the repeated crash of the aluminium hull on the waves.

Perhaps it is a fitting end for a machine which probably saved as many British lives as enemy were destroyed by speedier and more vaunted colleague craft. She certainly deserved more credit than she ever got.

'Isn't it about time we docked that blasted dog's tail?'

Castle

Jaguar's XJ-S is latest in a world-beating line of luxury cars that combine sleekness and smooth running with high-powered individuality

Cream of the Big Cats

Motoring with William Boddy

What devastation, what sales carnage, the Big Cats from Coventry have caused down the more recent years of motoring history! It is indeed difficult to credit the fact that these all-conquering Jaguars stemmed from a Blackpool sidecar factory which Bill Lyons once owned. It is highly doubtful whether they would have happened at all, had not this astute industrialist, this man with the flair-for-line, for value-for-money been at the helm until very recently.

This time I do not propose to indulge in much probing of the past. Instead let us look at the Big Cats of recent memory.

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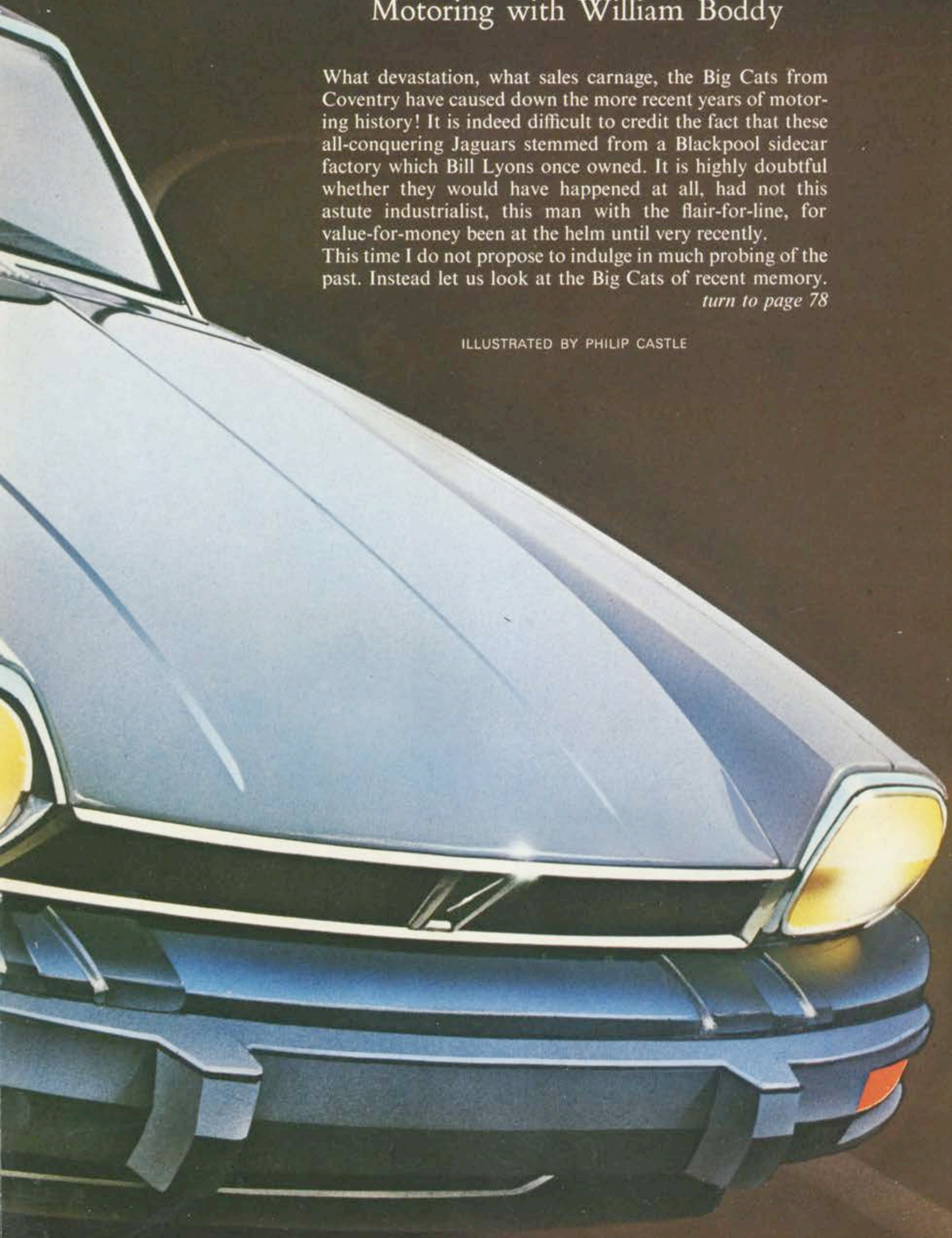
ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP CASTLE



Cream of the Big Cats

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For some this conjures up pictures of Le Mans on the occasion of the legendary 24-hour marathon. Rightly Le Mans is associated with Jaguar of Coventry, for this great British sporting motor-car won it outright in 1951, 1953, 1955, the year of the terrible Mercedes-Benz spectator massacre in 1956, and in 1957. The scourge of Ferrari, American millionaire Briggs Cunnigham with his all-American racers, and even of Enzo Ferrari, the dark green jobs won again and again, finishing first in other great sports-racing contests besides Le Mans. Every time a *Vingt-Quarte Heures Du Mans* was under Jaguar's belt they used to add another year to the proud little plaques worn on the boots of the production sports-cars made by the same factory. For so many of us, followers of the greatest sport in all the world, that was what Jaguar primarily stood for—victory.

Yes, that was Jaguar before, along with Mercedes-Benz and Ford-of-America, these giants turned their backs on competition motoring. Those outright wins for Coventry and for Britain were achieved by Peter Walker and Peter Whitehead, with a 4.5 litre Talbot 65¾ miles behind their 3.4-litre XK120C; by Major Tony Rolt and the irrepressible Duncan Hamilton, who were followed home by Moss and Walker in another Jaguar, ahead of a gigantic tank of a Cunningham, by the great Mike Hawthorn and Ivor Bueb; by Scotsmen Ron Flockhart and Ninian Sanderson in the *Ecurie Ecosse* detuned D-type (to the consternation of the Moss/Collins Aston Martin); finishing in 1957 with a magnificent 1, 2, 3, 4 run home, Flockhart and Bueb winning at 113.85 mph for 2,732 miles, the other non-factory 3.8-litre D-types being handled by Sanderson/Lawrence, 'Mary'/Lucas and Paul Frére/Rousselle. That was against the pick of the Ferrari and Aston Martin entries.

Now that exciting life is over, for the drivers, the mechanics, the lap-scorers and the technicians who made those great race successes possible. But the memory of them will never be erased. They served to put the Big Cats right on the map. No longer was there a sneer that a Jaguar, developed from the long-bonnet SS of Lyons' fertile styling-flair, was little more than a poor man's Bentley. In truth, those earlier leather-upholstered comfortably-spacious, nicely-balanced push-rod Jaguar saloons, of which you could buy a couple for the cost of one 3½-litre or 4¼-litre Bentley-out-of-Rolls-Royce, were fine carriages for 'poor' men or for anyone else to travel abroad in.

Then Sir William Lyons employed William Heynes and Walter Hassan to get off the drawing board the fabulous six-cylinder twin-cam engine, the power unit used in various literages and degrees of tune in all those XK120, C-type and D-type Jaguar racing jobs, and for all the current six-cylinder production Jaguars. What a very classic power unit this is. Noisy? No! An oil-oozer? No! Costly to manufacture? No, not in the quantities it was evident it would pay Jaguar to make. This beautiful piece of mechanism defied all the previous pitfalls associated with adopting twin-overhead-camshafts, to production cars, although such camshafts date back to 1912 for racing cars. It is, even today, not by any manner of means out-dated.

The introduction of this fine power unit led Jaguar to fresh heights. It marked the introduction in 1949 of the XK120, that so elegant sports two-seater with the 120 mph speed tag, that sold for £1,263 and developed 160 bhp in 3.4-litre size. A streamlined but otherwise stock model proved capable of a timed 132.6 mph.

No car of recent times matched the impact on the sporting market of this XK120, until the E-type Jaguar arrived in 1961. Here was another road-burner styled as only Sir William Lyons knew how, a 265 bhp 3.8-litre car said to give 150 mph on the road, yet the most docile, good-looking, disc-braked two-seater imaginable. Jaguar used the same Heynes' six-pot twin-cam engine in all of their models, from vast saloons, equipped like wheeled drawing rooms, to the sports cars. It came in 2.4, 3.4 and 3.8-litre capacities and was found in those race-dominating competition Big Cats, the C-types and the D-types, surely the most pleasing sports-racing cars ever built, especially in tail-finned form?

So Jaguar and speed are synonymous. Yet most of their customers, from the Queen Mother downwards, went about in Jaguar saloons, some of them probably not even aware that a race-winning engine was under the bonnet.

I remember being driven off to dinner to meet Walter Hassan of Brooklands fame, by Jaguar PRO Andrew Whyte, who put me in the back of some enormous Mk-something or other. I don't believe it was the latest model, by any means. But I felt immediately that no-one could wish for more comfort, better surroundings, or more hush than this splendid motor carriage was providing me with.

There is yet another aspect of these Big Cats, cars that proffered a soft paw concealing the claws and enough snarl to win the World's greatest motor races. In course of time Jaguar, aided by Harry Mundy and the afore-mentioned Walter Hassan, tried to go one better, engine-wise. They brought out a big V12 with a single camshaft above each cylinder block to prod the valves, designing it for fuel injection but at first giving it common-or-garden carburettors. It really was a hulk of power-producer, and such a tight fit in the new XJ-12 saloon that the battery called for a separate fan to cool it. But it provides the smoothest, quietest possible kind of road travel for those who can afford to burn the costly gas at the rate of a gallon or so every 13 miles, or one gallon in every nine, if you hoof the throttles.

It is this 5.3-litre, 285 bhp Mundy-motor that powers the Daimler which is called the 'Double-Six', a throwback, name-wise, to those imposing Dowager-Daimlers of funeral pace and appearance that wore

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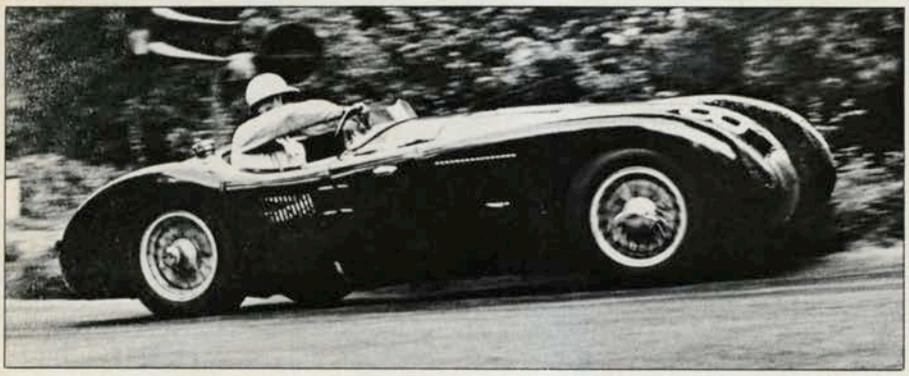

Le Mans winner Peter Walker in a Jaguar XK 120C (the famous C-type) at Shelsley Walsh.

GMH 8
SS 4690

Jaguar SS 100 two-seaters – the first Big Cats to do a genuine ton – at a pre-war rally.

ETERNAL ORACLES

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb: No. 18

I praise the little Oriental dancer,
who's so experienced in flaunting erotic poses,
not because she's so accurate
in all that absurd, pathetic, frenzy rousing,
nor because she's so genuinely graceful,
but because she knows how to perform
for flaccid organs and doesn't tease out of reach
of wrinkled whims and senile yearnings.
She's no 'look-look-don't touch', but kisses
with tongue, tickles, enwraps, so well
that she can ride members
roused to return from the grave.

original by Automedon
(A Greek epigrammist
of the 1st century BC)

Cream of the Big Cats

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sleeve-valve 50 hp V12 engines under their immense bonnets in the vintage years. In that day and age the nobility, who knew where they stood, often invested in such Daimlers, not needing to be ostentatious. It was those whose wealth had accrued from 'trade' who often bought Rolls-Royces, to prove to themselves who they were! I doubt whether this analogy still holds water in the 1970s. But no doubt there are many people, dukes as well as dustmen, who now find it more prudent to spend £6,463 on a modern 'Double-Six' than £16,544 on a 'Silver Shadow'.

Just before the splendid E-type, a classic car if ever there was one, was dropped from the Jaguar range, it became available with the V12 engine. My eldest daughter used to say she would go out with almost any man if he possessed a white E-type. Nowadays she drools about Scimitars. But I think a white 5,343 cc E-type must really be the one-time ultimate in bird baiters.

Today, the Big Cats commence with the 3.8-litre 'economy' Jaguar saloon, which is able to return about 18 mpg in automatic form and 20 mpg or thereabouts if you do your own cog-swapping, which I suppose is fine if you can afford £5,000 for a Jag in the first place. The engine is the same old straight-six with its two upstairs valve prodders that has survived for nearly 27 years in the history of Jaguar successes. Even in this very acceptable 'economy' version, where it is a small-bore, long-stroke edition of the better-known 3.4-litre engine, this engine is so silken smooth, so lacking in cacaphony, that I sometimes wonder, perish the thought, whether 12 cylinders are really necessary.

However, I suppose there is always room for the mostest. And now it is to be found in the latest Big Cat, the Jaguar XJ-S. In this the bi-block 12 has been given the injected fuel-feed it was always intended ultimately to have, slotted into a new £8,900 coupé which has sleeker lines than any former Jaguar, and is therefore not quite so individualistic to regard as you pass by, or it passes you.

But drive the big 'S' and you find a new motoring sensation awaiting you, such as no other car can give. The engine purrs out the power in a Crewe-cut hush, and there is so much tamed horse-power that from 100 mph on to 140 or so the acceleration curve never wilts. The road-holding and flat-ride are equally impressive, even to those used to hustling round corners and along the twisty bits at a high rate of knots. The brakes are indeed that giant's hand thrust out to guard you. Tyre noise is remarkably subdued, the 60 degree V12, if it is audible at all, simply hums, eschewing the uneven beat, associated with other potent V8 and V12 motors. With its air conditioning, tinted glass, centralized door-locking, Cibie biode headlamps, leather-covered specially tailored seats, and air-cored magnetic readings of fuel level, engine heat, oil-pressure and the state of the battery, this XJ-S is one of the world's great motor cars, a Big Cat for the 1970s. Recently Jaguar's Adwest rack-and-pinion power steering has been rendered a bit more suited to those who still have muscles, and is higher geared into the bargain on the 'S'. But I am sorry to find that the twin fuel tank system of petrol storage on the sixes isn't repeated on the 'S', which has a single tank. The 'S' is expected to give 15 to 18 mpg and in spite of the automatic (Borg-Warner) transmission the performance claim of from rest to 100 mph and back to rest in around 20 seconds is significant, and a tribute to Jaguar's faith in Girling disc brakes!

The XJ-S must be rated, on paper at all events, a car likely to compete very effectively in such markets as still exist for top cars, where those who have become used to paying five figure sums for speed, luxury and exclusiveness should rate this latest Big Cat a very good bargain. Or so we must hope, because we are now all shareholders in Derek Whittaker's Leyland Cars Company, and Jaguar forms the top echelon of this organisation.

Although it is sad that when one now visits the Jaguar factory at Brown's Lane, Allesley, no longer is Sir William about the place, closely accompanied by 'Lofty' England. In former times sooner or later they would turn up, and then there was the reassuring feeling that all was under control at Jaguar, Lyons, the sage Industrial tycoon, England with his rare knowledge of motor-racing, Jaguar engineering and what the Jaguar customers expected. However, the fine foyer remains, from which a portrait of HM the Queen looks down on a carpeted floor occupied by all manner of Jaguars and their forebears, from a Swallow Austin Seven and a claustrophobic Royal saloon. They stand beside some of the most exciting of the Big Cats, including that fierce mid-engined four-cam V12 XJ-13 competition car intended for Le Mans (502 bhp at 7,600 rpm) but most regrettably never raced, and the yellow *Equipe National Belge* D-type which formed the subject of a colour cut-away drawing in *Motor Sport*'s Golden Jubilee issue. Andrew Whyte is still there; he went from Gordonston straight into the Jaguar Apprentice's School and has been a staunch PRO ever since, with a flat near the factory, and therefore willing to sell Jaguar to visiting pressmen at all hours of the day or night.

When I first saw the new S-type the works were as silent as any cathedral, because one of the periodic strikes was in progress. But when I was there last October these sleek coupés were coming off the assembly lines in surprisingly large numbers for a car of this class and quality.—The Jaguar is virile again . . .

JAGUAR
JVC 9P
XJ-S

Coventry's motoring sensation, the sleek, quiet Jaguar XJ-S £8,000 V12 coupe, ranks as one of the world's great motor cars.

Illness can make martyrs of us all. Except, that is, when the patient is the incorrigible Vivian St. Claire Brogden and his treatment involves peace, quiet, every egg in the house and huge quantities of Brian O'Hanlon's port

Brogden and the rest (of the week) cure

Port
Fine Old Port
Fine Old

In one of my frequent less lucid moments I gave Vivian St. Claire Brogden, my idiot half-brother, the key to my flat. He stays overnight when there is an early conference at the office and he does not want to motor down to the marital bliss of Icklesham.

I usually manage to avoid these weekday visits since they inevitably mean a re-union in 'The Scarsdale', requiring a bottle of vintage port to be taken back to the flat. One Monday a month ago I was putting the cat out when there was an almighty crashing in the entrance hall. A set of golf clubs appeared. Behind them came Brogden in tennis kit, carrying what I can best describe as an over-month bag, bulging at the seams. 'Hello! Hello! Hello! I should do something about that cat. It's just pissed in the hall again.' He handed me his clubs and tennis racket. 'I am very weak. In fact, I'm ill. I shan't go to the office tomorrow. I need some rest. Please ask them all to be quiet in the morning. Oh! Yes! Take that stuff down to the guest room will you? I just cannot carry it. I'm about to collapse.'

He did. Sharp right into the drawing room in the armchair beside the drinks cabinet. I returned to find him fishing about in it, tossing empty bottles out onto the carpet.

'Can't understand why there's *never* any drink in the house. Ah! I know. The crockery cupboard!'

Before I could open my mouth he was through to the kitchen, ferreting about with his hand on the top shelf. 'Ah! Thought so.' His hand withdrew clutching a bottle of Dow's Crusted. 'I'd forgotten about that one until tonight. Left it there a couple of months ago. See you in the morning. Good Night!' He trotted off to bed, port in hand. I retired to the study. I had some letters to write, a task I had kept putting off.

I was in the midst of thanking Great Aunt Flo for the religious tract she had sent me last Christmas when there was a rat-a-tat-tat at the door.

'Knock Knock.'

I groaned, but played along. 'Who's there?'

'Iver.'

'Iver who?'

'Iver bloody curtain on my bed instead of a blanket.'

In waddled Brogden clutching the curtain. 'I can't sleep in this in my condition. I shall end up in *hospital.* I know where there are some blankets,' he said as he noticed me brighten.

He walked to the cupboard beside the flat's door, opened it and an avalanche of cricket stumps, lampshades, unpaid bills and yet more curtains. Yards and yards of them. He stood on top of the whole pile and fished back in the cupboard. Out came two new thick blankets. I'll take these. I *knew* WE had some blankets to spare!'

'WE! BLOODY WE?' I hooted.

'Yes,' he said. 'But those curtains don't belong to us. They're Fletcher's. He was mentioning them the other day . . .'

'But he left the flat seven years ago!'

'If you want to *steal* Fletcher's curtains I should hide them again, quick!' retorted Brogden, nodding to the pile on the floor and the general direction of the cupboard.

In the mid-day tranquillity of the flat I busied myself cooking an omelette. It was sizzling quite well when a voice behind me said: 'That's not the way to do it. It's no good using a whisker to beat the eggs. A fork's the thing.' He peered into the saucepan. 'You haven't put any water in it either. It'll burn. I can't eat that. Not in my condition.'

'This', I hissed, between clenched teeth *'is my bloody lunch!'*

I emphasized the point by banging the saucepan down on the stove. The omelette somersaulted out onto the floor.

'I should just relax,' Brogden volunteered. He beat a hurried retreat, for one so ill, as I hurled the empty pan at him.

'Now,' said Brogden, reappearing: 'I'LL show you how to cook an omelette. I'll do this one for myself so you can do the next one.' He cut half a pound of butter and slipped it into the pan. Six eggs into the little bowl, beating them noisily with a fork until five finally coagulated – the other had slipped the net so to speak. On the floor.

'Now it's the water you want. The water. But before we put the mixture in we cook the onions. Get out that pan and start.'

I farted about cutting them up whilst 'Escoffier' appeared from my fridge with an outsize slab of cheese. He sliced this up into shreds with the butter in the 'master pan'.

'Those onions are on much too high. A good cook takes his time.'

Eventually all was finished. Brogden sat down, munching. All around the debris of a craftsman; egg shells, onion peel and bits of cheese.

'But there's bugger all left for me!' I exploded. 'How can I make an omelette without eggs?'

'Ah!' said Brogden. 'An intelligent remark, sir. You have now grasped the basics . . .'

For the next two days I locked myself in my study. By the simple process of turning up Rachmaninoff's piano concerto I could drown the requests for food and drink bellowed through the keyhole. At night a tap on the door would bring a delivery of a bottle of port.

'For Mr. Brogden, sir. On your account.'

Brogden would sip it gently, lauding its medicinal qualities and regaling me with his forefathers prowess in British India. 'Clogs to clogs. Takes four generations to become a *gent*', he opined, emptying his glass and belching profusely.

On the Thursday evening I went out and returned from the West End with a lady of little learning but great accommodation. Early morning gymnastics were disturbed by explosive sounds coming from down the main corridor. 'Blimey,' she said, frozen in a trice: 'Lightning!'

'Yes,' I said, knowing better. This kind strikes twice.'

'Bloody 'ell. Someone's horse and carted,' she screamed, shoving her face in the pillow.

'Basically you're afraid of women.'

'Hello! Hello! Hello! Up to your old tricks again Oh-Aitch?' came the voice of Brogden from the other side of the door. 'I could do with some breakfast,' it went on. 'I'm feeling distinctly better . . .'

'You're going to work then?'

'I'm going back to bed immediately.'

The door opened and Brogden appeared.

'Watch that man you're with my little love. He has whips hidden under the mattress . . .'

'Now bleedin' look 'ere,' she roared, looking at once to find out. 'Where are they? Where you got them hidden? Touch me with one and I'll knee you in the goolies.' She beat the all time record for getting her drawers *up*, shoved her other things on and ran out of the flat.

I pulled on my dressing gown and padded down to the door to pick up my post and *The Times* on the mat. The doorbell rang and there stood Warden Hamish Anderson, ticket book in hand. 'I'll trouble you for Mr. Brogden, sir.'

'You can. He's never anything but . . .'

'Sir, I would ask that you do not say that about a man I fought with on the beaches of Normandy.'

'I'm awfully sorry. I didn't realise the Rangers played them.'

'Come in Colour Sar'nt,' cooed Brogden from the other end of the flat.

'Your keys if you please, sir. I will move your car,' said Warden Anderson, saluting.

'Thank you, Colour Sar'nt. Carry on!'

'What's all this bloody balls?' I bellowed.

'Do relax. Do. And don't start shouting again. Mr. Anderson is getting Normandy confused with Hastings which was where we met him last year. It's near our place as you know.'

Back came Traffic Warden Anderson, practically goose-stepping down the flat.

'All present and correct, sir. Car moved. Be all right for the rest of the day.'

At the door he turned to me, his usual horrible self. 'I would ask that you move your car at once, sir. It's three minutes over time and I will not be as lenient next time.'

'I think,' said Brogden, 'I will go to "The Hansom Cab." I've arranged to meet old Brewer there lunchtime.'

'But what about the office? I thought you were going in today?'

'Can't face it. I need a day to convalesce.'

On the way out of the flat at lunchtime, replete with golf clubs, tennis racket and gear, he stopped to phone his wife: 'I'm feeling much better now Honeysuckle. I have taken things easy. The boys quite understood here and didn't make a noise.

'What's that you say . . . Even Oh-Aitch? Oh! Yes! He's been pretty good, *considering* . . .'

I accompanied him out to the car.

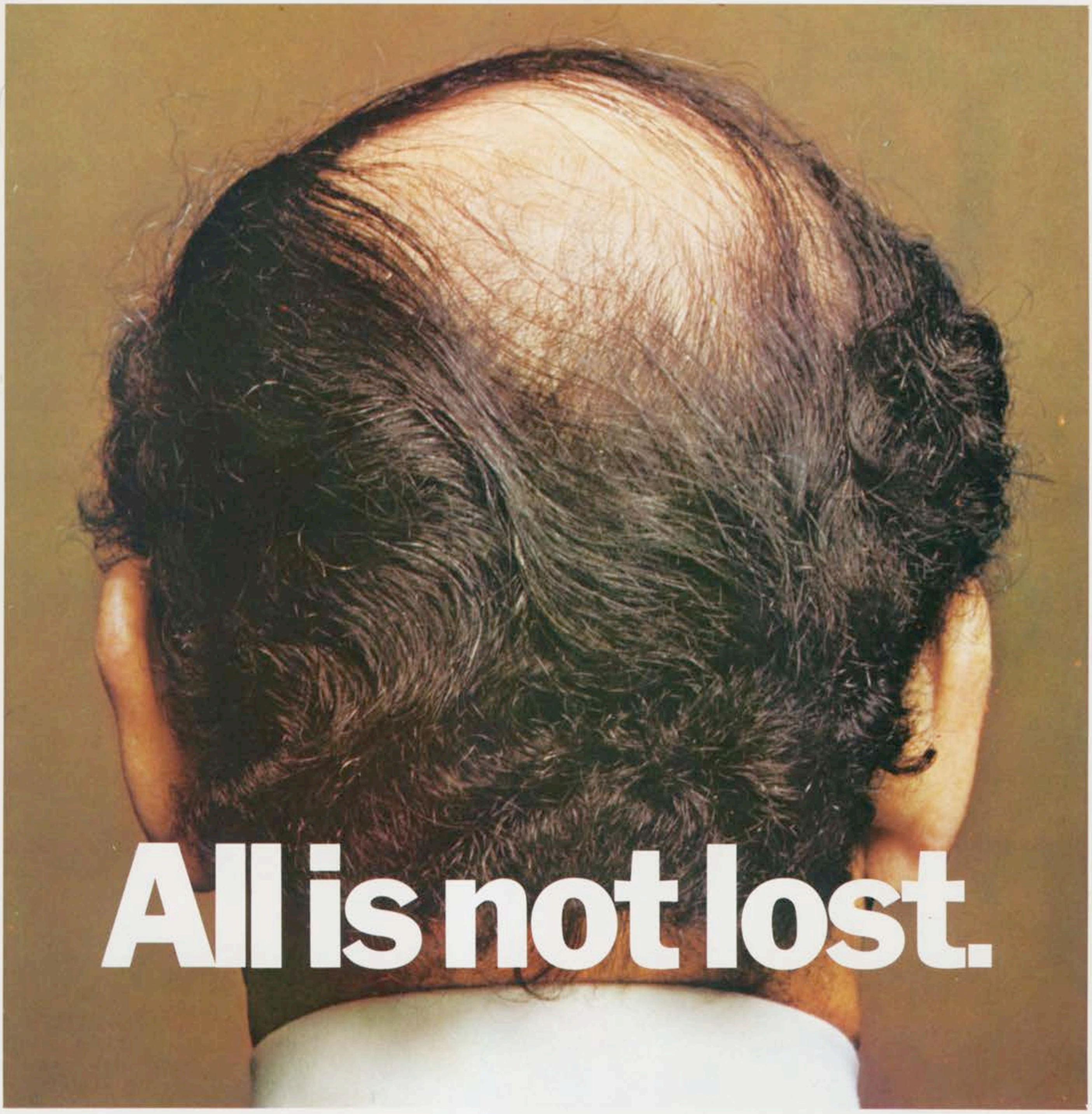
'Why are you bringing your bag?' he enquired, eyeing it nervously.

'I have decided to be ill for the next fortnight at your place,' I replied.

'But there's nothing wrong with you?'

'By the time I arrive at Icklesham I shall be suffering from outsize cirrhosis of the wallet.'

'Yes,' agreed Brogden, as we set off. 'You do get these attacks quite frequently, don't you?'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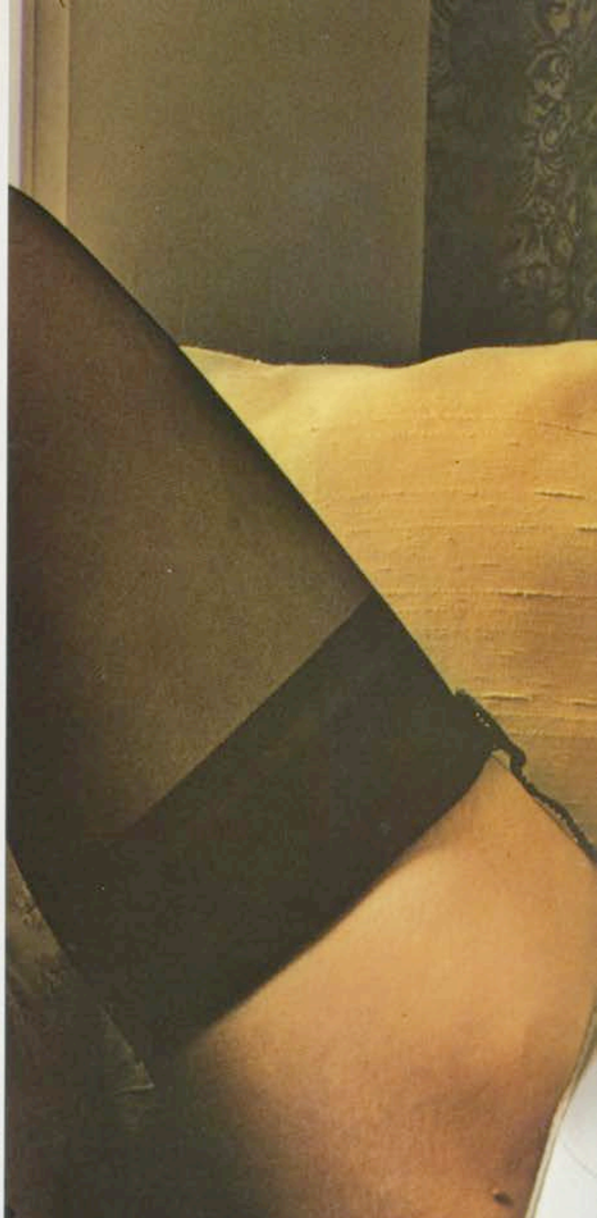
Brenda

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLIVE McLEAN

If you've ever secretly, or openly, fancied your chances with an opulently rounded, firm-fleshed, magnificent handful of a girl, you'll welcome Brenda Parsons with open arms and open mouth. The sleek and svelte of the feminine species are blessed with undeniable attributes, but it's a half-hearted bird-fancier who doesn't from time-to-time hanker after deliciously bouncing boobs, a squeezable waist and a firm, yet softly-yielding bottom. At 22, Brenda will, to a great many,



have achieved something like perfection. Measuring 38D–26–37 and standing 5 feet 7 inches in stockinged feet, the whole topped off by fluffy blonde hair and blue eyes, she's the kind of girl who's a guaranteed conversation-stopper when she walks into a room. Born in Huddersfield and schooled at the Holmfirth Comprehensive, Brenda left the frozen north a couple of years ago and followed that well-worn trail down to The Smoke, basing herself in Frognal, a quiet and extremely long road in Hampstead, not that far from the Heath. 'Just a bed-sitter,' explains Brenda, 'but such a nice area. The social life's good and the pubs on the Heath, like *Jack Straw's Castle* and *The Spaniards*, are ideal meeting places. Not quite as friendly as the pubs back home, but pretty fair nevertheless. My very favourite pub is *The White Hart* in New Mill, which is just outside Huddersfield – I always go there when I'm visiting. I don't know quite why, but pubs up where I come from always seem to make you feel at home. And us Tykes are supposed to be dour and unwelcoming.' Brenda gives a little snort of derision. 'If you want to sample a little bit of Northern mateyness, you ought to come to the Batley Variety Club sometime. It's such a great place – for both shows and atmosphere. It has my seal of approval!'

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QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Eight

Why are women fascinated with their own bodies? It's a fact in publishing that while a male magazine uses an attractive girl on the front cover to sell issues, so does almost every woman's magazine. Earlier Quest surveys have found that female exhibitionism is much more widespread than previously thought. This month we look at that wider ground where exhibitionism flows into narcissism – the self-love of girls who become sexually excited at the sight, or thought of their own naked bodies. Large numbers of women, it seems, are capable of this, either as a reaction to a new and exciting lover, or perhaps from the flattering attentions paid by an existing – and persistent – partner.

INTRODUCTION

Sexual exhibitionism and narcissism are closely related. The pleasure a girl can get in showing herself naked to her lover can very easily grow into a pleasure at observing herself alone. This month we interview two women who found their sexual pleasure enormously enhanced by their discovery of these feelings. But there can be a darker side to sexual self-discovery – revealed in our third interview with a man who found his female partner's greater, less inhibited enjoyment came at the expense of his own.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEWS

One **Shop assistant, 22 years old, dark haired, town of origin Glasgow**

This interviewee, the daughter of divorced parents, had studied commercial art after leaving school, but took a job in a friend's boutique before finishing her course. She was still working there at the time of the interview, sharing a flat with another girl.

Quest: What do you think of your body?

Assistant: I think it's fine. My boobs are a bit big – but men like that, don't they?

Quest: That's interesting. A lot of girls would have insisted they're people before they talked about their bodies.

Assistant: I'm not like a lot of girls.

Quest: Would you like your body to be worshipped?

Assistant: Worshipped? That would be nice, I'd like that.

Quest: You like people to see your body?

Assistant: Yes, why not? I don't think I've got anything to be ashamed of. I did some modelling when I was at college. Nude modelling.

Quest: You like men to be excited looking at you?

Assistant: Of course; as long as they don't start leaping at me.

Quest: Is that why you let Patrick touch you up while Eddie was watching?

Assistant: Oh Christ, you're not going to ask about that. I just can't talk about it straight off.

Quest: Tell me about your peeping Tom then.

Assistant: Oh that, that was just a big joke.

Quest: This was at your present flat?

Assistant: It's in quite a rough area – you know, mixed, but the flat itself is fantastic. All sort of Habitat, Annie and I were dead lucky to get it. I'm so scared we're going to mess it up. We're awful sloppy cows sometimes.

Quest: And your peeping Tom overlooked it?

Assistant: It's a big old Victorian-type house; they're all like that in the street. We're in the attic with these big gable windows, and you can see right into the attic flat next door – into the dining room, I think. It looks into our living room. And one night we were watching television and

QUEST

why you can't do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available from the following back numbers of Mayfair magazine.

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Annie got up to pull the curtains and she said, 'Hey, I think we're being spied on.' So I said, 'Don't be stupid. Let's see,' and sure enough just as we peeped round the curtain we saw someone move back inside, into the dark. So Annie said, 'Dirty bastard,' trying to look closer to see if he was worth letting have a peek. And we both burst out laughing.

Quest: Did you like the idea of being overlooked?

Assistant: Well as long as I'm not in the loo. It depends what kind of mood I'm in. It was that time of the month anyway. I always feel a bit touchy then, you know.

Quest: Touchy?

Assistant: When I start to show. I suppose it's because you can't do it, not properly. It always give me the hots. Annie's the same.

Quest: You talk about exciting yourselves?

Assistant: Oh God, all the time. It was so funny; that's how we temped our peeping Tom. You know, I'm not lezzy. I mean I like women's bodies, I think they're much more interesting than men's. But they don't turn me on.

Quest: What happened that seemed Lesbian?

Assistant: It was so mad. One Saturday we had these two fellows coming round – we'd only met them in the pub – but they stood us up, and we started drinking all this wine we'd got in; and Annie suddenly noticed the fellow across the way had his light on – sitting in there on his own – and Annie said, 'Let's give him a show!' And I said, 'What do you mean?' And she said, 'Let's show him what we're made of, really give him something to jerk off about.' We were so drunk. So we did.

Quest: Stripped off?

Assistant: Annie put on that stripper record – you know the one? And I pulled back the curtains – I mean no one could see from the road or we'd have been arrested. Then Annie pulled her blouse off and started knocking on the window. I just fell about laughing.

Quest: How did your neighbour react?

Assistant: I thought he wasn't going to notice for a minute, then he looked round and saw us jumping up and down in our bras. He couldn't believe his eyes! Then he jumped up like a scared rabbit and ran and slapped out the light, and I said, 'Oh, look, we've frightened him away.' And then I thought, perhaps he thinks we're inviting him over for an orgy, but Annie said, 'No, I can see him, hiding behind the curtain – he's going to pull himself silly!' We were so drunk, we couldn't stand up straight.

Quest: But you stripped off?

Assistant: It was so funny, we were trying to do this stripper routine but we kept falling over laughing. Annie was leaping up and down in front of the window with her knickers round her knees, screaming 'Yoo hoo! Have you got an eyeful!'

Quest: She was nude by then?

Assistant: Oh God, we were both starkers. Annie was much quicker than me. Oh, she's so honest. 'I've got to get them off quickly,' she says. 'With a face like mine a bloke won't know what he's getting.' I couldn't get my tights off. I was trying to do a sort of slinky piece up and down the curtain –I saw Gina Lollowhatsit, you know the actress, do it in a film once and it was so bloody sexy. Pulling the curtain between her legs. Then Annie says, 'Hey, love, you've still got one tight on!' And I had, I burst out laughing, I just fell over. We were rolling about on the floor. Then we started talking about our bodies – just rambling really – and Annie was saying, 'You've got such a fabulous body, Stephie; you' ought to do modelling, you really ought. I'm such a lump!' And we started talking about men – because neither of us had proper boyfriends than – and Annie suddenly rolled over and said, 'Oh Jesus, I've got to get something up me, I'll go mad' – Annie thought that was incredible and she told me about this docker she'd known with hands like dinner plates, but so gentle with them that he could just brush his fingers across her, all over her, and she'd go absolutely crazy. I thought that was fantastic, and I started to try and do it, just running my fingers up and down my tummy and onto my boobs, but I couldn't do it to myself somehow, so I said, 'Please, come on, Annie, just show me.' So she did.

Quest: She touched you?

Assistant: She just sort of tickled my arms and my shoulders, and it was amazing, it really was fantastic. And I said, 'Go on, do my boobs,' because I'm terribly sensitive there, and she said, 'All right, if you do me after,' so I promised I would, and she pulled her fingers ever so gently across my nipples and it was mind-blowing, it was incredible – I was panting like mad – and she said, 'Hey, Stephie – ' but I couldn't stop, it was so really beautiful; and her fingers sort of brushed onto my tummy and I wanted her to touch me all the way down – I was really far gone – and I took hold of her hand and pulled it down onto my pubes – and God, I only had to just touch it and I was gone.

Quest: You didn't mind that it was a woman doing that?

Assistant: Absolutely not. It was a beautiful feeling.

Quest: And you did the same for Annie?

Assistant: It didn't seem to work so well for her. I think she was a bit drunker than me – she always gets a bit depressed when she's really pissed; so I remembered our peeping Tom – I don't think he could have seen anything because we were on the floor; that made her laugh, and she told me what she used to do with her docker when she was having her period.

Quest: What was that?

Assistant: They used to lie next to each other and just touch each other till they came. I thought that was lovely.

Quest: Which is why you suggested it to Patrick and Eddie?

Assistant: I didn't suggest it. We just talked about it, and it happened.

Quest: How did you meet them?

Assistant: I met Eddie first. He used to come into the shop with cabbage. Do you know what that is? If there's any left-overs on a big order a firm uses the cloth to make extra clothes they sell cheap. Eddie and Patrick used to be sort of go-betweens for the firms and the shops. I really liked Eddie – he wasn't really a salesman at all, not what you'd think of one. He was too quiet and freaky. He asked me out to a concert at first – not even a rock concert! He was so sort of respectful; he said I was the most beautiful girl he'd ever taken out. You know he came when I first got undressed for him. Wasn't that sweet? Without even touching me.

Quest: What about Patrick?

Assistant: Oh Patrick was really pushy, aggressive, the sort of guy I normally end up with. I didn't meet him till I'd been with Eddie for a couple of months. I don't know if that was deliberate or not. Actually it was a bit awkward. I hate two-timing, but I met Patrick by accident one day – I mean, I knew him to talk to – and we had a drink and I went back with him for coffee and one thing led to another. And Eddie found out – actually it had happened a couple of times by then. I thought that was going to blow everything. But Eddie's attitude was marvellous. It really was.

Quest: Why did you want to go on seeing both?

Assistant: I really liked Eddie – he was a sweet, sweet guy and Pat was a bit of a bum – I know he was screwing other girls; he even told me – but he did such marvellous things. Like Annie did, but so much better. I was panting just when he touched me sometimes, it was awful.

Quest: You told Eddie that?

Assistant: Yes I did. I mean. I didn't know what Pat was telling him. I didn't want it to sound worse than it was. And you know what he said? He said, 'You look so beautiful when you're coming – you look as if you're on fire, all glowing. I'd love to watch it happening to you.' And I don't know why, I said, 'With Pat?' And he said, 'Yes, why not?'

Quest: What did you think of that?

Assistant: Christ, it was mind-boggling. I mean, two guys together, especially two I liked. It was just incredible. The thought made me tingle all over. The things you could do.

Quest: So you agreed?

Assistant: No, we didn't talk about it at all really. It sort of happened. I mean, I knew everyone knew about the idea. It was a Sunday night actually because Eddie had stayed over Saturday – we hadn't got up till after midday. And Pat came round and we just started messing around.

Quest: Who exactly?

Assistant: Oh Eddie and I, I think. Just sort of snogging; then Eddie had to go out and I started kissing Pat. And he was so quick I'm sure they'd planned it before.

Quest: How do you mean quick?

Assistant: Well I only had on a tight T-shirt and my jeans because we hadn't been going out, and Pat's hands were rolling my boobs up and down through my shirt as soon as I kissed him. The next thing I knew he'd pushed them underneath and he was doing incredible things to my nipples – it took me by surprise, I couldn't catch my breath – or I was just so loose and easy after screwing Eddie all night. I remember saying, 'For God's sake, Eddie – ' and he was pulling my shirt over my head and rubbing my breasts and kissing them and rolling his tongue over them till I almost screamed and I opened my eyes and Eddie was kneeling on the other side of the room unbuttoning his shirt and I thought, 'Christ, it's really going to happen – ' And the thought was so fantastic I almost came then – it was so frightening, and I tried to say, 'Let's wait – ' or something, but Pat was unzipping my jeans and pushing his hands right down into my bush and rubbing his finger right along the crack and I went berserk. I can't describe how exciting it was. Eddie was just kneeling there – I mean nude – and talking. He was saying, 'Stephie, you're so beautiful, you're so gorgeous, so fantastic – ' And I could see his tool coming up, getting fatter and fatter, and it was like him making love to me, but it was Patrick who was touching me and kissing me and squeezing me and pushing his fingers into me and making me moan and groan, but I couldn't see him –

Quest: He was behind you?

Assistant: He made me stand up – my knees were just buckling – and I was facing Eddie and I leaned against Pat with my legs apart and Pat's hands were running up and down my body, ever so lightly, right from my neck down to my pubes and it was just bliss – sweet bliss – and every time I opened my eyes I could see Eddie throbbing and huge as if he was going to blow apart – and I was aching and aching, trying to close my legs on his hand when he put it between my legs or trying to grab at his tool because I could feel it against my bottom, but he knocked my hands away. Then he put his hand right under me, under my crotch and his finger slipped up inside me and began to work up and down and my tummy muscles were jumping and he was holding me bodily and Eddie gasped and exploded; and it was too much. I just screamed and I came. I don't remember what happened then; I was curling up on the carpet, feeling all soft and purry and absolutely shattered.

Quest: Did anything else happen?

Assistant: Eddie came over and kissed me on the cheek and said, 'That was so fantastic, Steph,' and I felt something rub along my bottom and and I twisted round and Patrick was kneeling there grinning with his own thing looking half a yard long and I grinned and moaned, 'Oh God, you randy bastards, haven't you ever had enough?' And he just grinned – he's got such a stupid grin – and said, 'You're just so beautiful, Steph. You've got such a great body; we're all horny just looking at you –' And I knew they weren't going to stop, so I just purred and ran my fingers down Patrick's leg and lifted them under his balls and squeezed them and he gasped. I said, 'You pair of shits – I suppose you want to watch this too?' I looked at Eddie and his tool was beginning to lift again and I stretched out and kissed it and he jumped. I felt so oozy, so gorgeously fruity, like the whole world was mad to get at me. We were all grinning at each other, and I said, 'All right, what are we waiting for? Let's fuck.' And I turned onto my tummy and kicked Pat's knees back and opened my legs and eased myself back onto his prick, and he came into me as smoothly and sweetly and agonisingly as anything. And he humped – so fiercely, it was gorgeous beyond belief, but I was terrified he was going to break something. And I tried to grab Eddie's erection but Pat was slamming me up and down on the carpet I hardly had the energy to breathe and then he came and I thought the room had fallen in and then I did grab Eddie's prick and he came and I just flopped out; it was so unbelievable, so incredibly fantastic.

Quest: Does this relationship still exist?

Assistant: No, Pat got the sack and they both went down south; they still write sometimes.

Quest: Do you think anyone else has appreciated your body so much?

Assistant: No, I don't think so. It's like Annie says, once a fellow's got your knickers off he's not interested in looking at your face any more. It'd be nice to see them again one day.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Dental nurse, 36 years old, blonde, town of origin Stoke**

This interviewee had trained as a dental nurse but given up work after her marriage at the age of 22. After 12 years of marriage had ended in divorce, she had resumed her former work and now lived with her 12-year-old son and her present lover.

Quest: Can I say before we start, you seem very well preserved for your age. I wouldn't have believed you were over 30.

Nurse: Yes, you can say anything you like. Thank you very much.

Quest: It seems odd that sex was the reason for your marriage breaking up?

Nurse: I don't think that's odd at all. I think sex is something you adjust to very quickly, no matter how passionate you are in the beginning. We were very passionate before and after we got married.

Quest: But you felt your husband had lost interest in you?

Nurse: He was very successful and he travelled a lot and we found ourselves living in two different worlds, not really needing each other. Our sex life was just a symptom of that.

Quest: You made an effort to improve it?

Nurse: When I found that Jack had had an affair with a much younger woman. I thought, either I walk out and ruin Davy – my son's life – or I pull myself together. I don't mean to sound like a martyr. I had let things slide a bit. I had an awful spare tyre. It's so easy to say, 'Next week I'll diet', and you never do.

Quest: Was the mirror in the bedroom your idea?

Nurse: I suggested it to Jack, but it was Barry's idea.

Quest: Barry was your lover?

Nurse: Yes, I mean I didn't immediately rush out and pick a lover when I found out about Jack. It wasn't like that at all.

Quest: How was it?

Nurse: I told you I made an effort. I went

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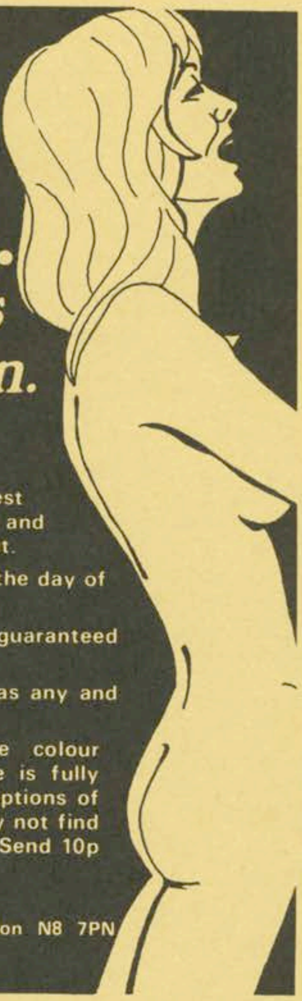

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to yoga classes, went on God knows how many diets – it was purgatory, and Jack came home and the first thing he said was 'You look thin; you must look after yourself, you know.'

Quest: But Barry appreciated it?

Nurse: Yes, he did. I mean I didn't take it seriously. It was very odd. He lived next door – we'd just moved, you see – and he and Jack got on well together; they were both mechanically minded – I need a pocket calculator to open a tin. Jack was a civil engineer and Barry was waiting to study engineering at college. He was only 19 – he could practically have been my own son – and he was so ridiculously shy – but he always complimented me. That's what seemed so odd. It would have been so easy to go red and be a bit abrupt, but he always made the effort. And of course it became so easy to ask him to pop over and do odd jobs when Jack was away. I really didn't look on him in a sexual way at all. Well, naturally I just assumed he had girlfriends.

Quest: What changed your mind?

Nurse: I can't remember. Odd things. I once opened the back door to him after I'd had a bath, I think; I only had my dressing gown on – I hardly think I looked terribly alluring – but his eyes went straight to my cleavage and shot up again, and he was absolutely purple and really talking gibberish. I told Jack about that and he laughed. Then there was the time with the magazines. He was coming home and I'd locked myself out – I'm always doing that, it's so stupid – I was so glad to see him because the toilet window was always open and he could climb through it; he did that dozens of times. And of course this time he said, 'Fine,' and I said, 'Let me take your papers,' but he got very nervous and insisted on putting them down himself. Well, I waited while he got through the window and opened the front door and I picked up the papers to bring them into him and this awful magazine fell out. It was totally pornographic, not even English I think, and of course I blurted out, 'Oh, Barry, you don't read rubbish like this?' He went scarlet and I thought for one second he was going to faint or something, but instead he came out with quite a speech: he said: 'What's wrong with it? Women are beautiful, why shouldn't they be proud of what they've got. It's just appreciation, I'm sure you're proud of your body.' Which was a bit of a sore point, apart from anything else, because I had just finished my dieting, but I said, 'So you mean if I paraded around the house in my birthday suit you'd stand there and appreciate me? Don't be absurd. They're just for frustrated old men to excite themselves over –' Then he looked at me and said, 'I'm sure I'd appreciate you like that. You've got a lovely figure.' And then I blushed and started to feel embarrassed. I mean, it was a silly thing, but it stuck in my mind.

Quest: How did things escalate?

Nurse: Very gradually, or it seemed that way. Really it was at a party Barry's mother had. She was divorced, had lots of smart friends – I wouldn't have called her a friend; but she invited me over – Jack was away as usual. I thought I'd only pop in and show my face; at least I thought I could chat to him. But I got talking to this very attractive man and was a bit carried away, I think. He was married – we weren't being serious – but I really thought I'd made quite a hit, and then he had to go and everyone started dancing, and I spotted Barry sitting very glumly on his own in the corner, so I swooped on him and said, 'Come on, Barry, let's trip the light fantastic,' something stupid like that. And we were dancing, quite closely together and I suddenly realised he was getting excited. Every time he brushed against me I could feel it in his trousers, and I thought, 'Good God, this is your night,' and then I thought it was time I went. But he insisted on showing me to the door and for one moment on the doorstep I thought he was going to kiss me, but he didn't.

Quest: When did you find out about your husband's affair?

Nurse: Just after that. He told me, in fact, the day before he left again, which was very cowardly. And Davy was still at boarding school – I think I might have left if he'd been there to scoop up on the spot. Instead I just got very depressed. I even hoped that man at the party might ring – he could have got my number easily, but he didn't.

Quest: And then you thought about seducing Barry?

Nurse: God, I do sound a whore. It crossed my mind as a fantasy. Young men are supposed to be such studs. But I wasn't thinking of sex really, not like that. What was I going to do anyway? Dress up in stockings and suspender belts? Leave my knickers off?

Quest: What did you do?

Nurse: I asked him to repair my record player! One Friday evening when I knew his mother was away. It really was cradle snatching! I think he knew actually. I kept telling myself, this is absurd; you're a 34-year-old mother. I'll just give him a coffee send him home, nothing'll happen, but I was trembling when I telephoned him; and of course he came straightaway. I'd even put the lights down in the living room, but of course he had to turn them up to see the player!

Quest: What were you wearing?

Nurse: Oh quite a tight sweater; I haven't large measurements but my back is very narrow. An ordinary skirt. I couldn't be obvious. And I suppose I leaned over him as he looked, asking what wrong; but he didn't seem to notice, so I went into the kitchen and made coffee, kicking myself for even thinking I could be a femme fatale. But when I went back in he'd got it working and he slipped a record on and it was smoochy dance music and he grinned and said, 'Remember the party?' So that was my cue, I said, 'Come on, let's finish our dance,' and we started shuffling round the living room and of course it happened. He started to get excited. I just smiled, I could see he was getting fidgety and leaned right against him; it was like an iron rod – the years since Jack had been like that. And he went scarlet and said, 'I'm sorry – ' and I suppose I leapt on him.

Quest: You kissed him?

Nurse: I hung round his neck and he seemed like ice for a second then I thought he was going mad – his hands were scrabbling all over the place – so I grabbed them and brought them round in front and put them on my breasts and he was shivering. And I pulled away and said, 'You haven't done this before, have you Barry?' And he said, 'Not properly,' mumbling. It was so extraordinary. Nothing like I'd imagined, I felt so totally confident and in control. I said, 'Well, we better get our clothes off,' almost as if I was talking to Davy! And he just peeled them off without saying a word and so did I, very matter-of-factly, down to my bra and pants and I turned and he was staring at me, absolutely goggle-eyed with this great red erection sticking out the fly of his pants – I'm sure he hadn't realised, and he said, 'Oh God, you're so utterly beautiful. You're better than any magazine picture.' And I said, 'Thank you, Barry,' very primly, even though I was glowing inside! Then I said, 'Take your pants off, don't be shy,' and I unclipped my bra and slipped down my knickers, and turned round and he really was gorgeous, just like Jack had been when we were first married. And I reached out my hand and said, 'Let's go upstairs,' and I led the way up the stairs, absolutely naked and jiggling my bottom because I felt so nice and he just watched while I put on the bedside lamp and stretched out on the bed and said, 'Come on, Barry.' And suddenly he went, 'Christ!' and burst all over the sheet and started apologising madly which I thought was so nice. 'Don't worry,' I said. 'That's the best compliment I've ever had,' which it was because Jack had managed to hold himself back even when I was in my prime. So I patted the bed and said, 'Lie down here, come on,' and he stretched out beside me, looking so pink and young, and I said, 'There's lots you can do without a great fat thing in front of you. Haven't you ever touched a girl before?' He said, of course, but he really was quite virginal. So I said, 'Come on, just run your hands up and down, like that. Just touching is lovely, isn't it? Just feel my breasts; you want to, don't you? Rub your thumb on my nipple, that's it.' I must admit he didn't need that much encouragement; he began caressing and pawing at me and kissing me and it was so different from Jack – so much more felt, more caring – and I could feel myself growing so excited and I said, 'Please Barry, between my legs, touch me – ' And he was so careful, so gentle, just running his fingers over my hair and then pushing along my lips – I almost wanted him to be rougher; and suddenly I wanted him so much and I said, 'Barry, get on me, oh please – ' and he was straddling me and pushing my legs apart and I dragged his penis down – I was so frightened he'd come again – and pulled him inside me and he groaned and gasped but he didn't come; and he was so warm and big and we humped and humped and he

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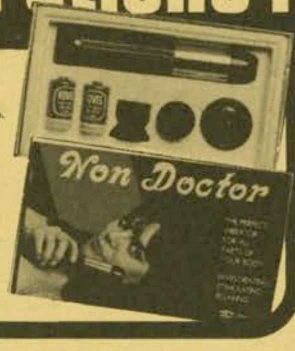

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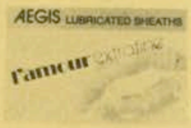

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came, so magnificently I thought he'd never stop; he was exhausting.

Quest: Did he sleep with you often?

Nurse: We didn't sleep together then – he thought his mother might phone; I told you it was a ridiculous situation. We were ridiculously discreet. I'd ask him to pop over and mend a fuse – which was perfectly all right, of course – and we'd fling our clothes off and hump madly on the dining room floor – and he'd be home again in an hour; I'm sure his mother must have suspected, and I couldn't tell anyone about it, no matter how much I wanted to. I think we only spent one night together in all that time.

Quest: This was when he showed you the mirror?

Nurse: Actually he changed so much while I knew him. I mean, between us. To start with I really had to show him everything, no matter how obvious, but gradually he took over more and more; in fact he ended up suggesting almost everything we did.

Quest: Including the mirror?

Nurse: We were in the bedroom one evening with the lights full on – he'd insisted on that – and we were about to make love, undressed, when he suddenly jumped off the bed and started propping open the wardrobe mirror and I said, 'What on earth are you doing, Barry?' And he said, 'Don't you want to see yourself? I told you you looked beautiful when you're doing it.' And I said, 'Don't be silly – ' But he pushed me back high on the pillows and began to make love, kissing me and touching me and I began to moan and close my eyes, but he said, 'Don't close your eyes, keep them open.' And he came into me as he said it, very fiercely, so that I gave a great gasp and my eyes shot open and he was leaning across me so that I could see past him and I saw this extraordinary sight in the wardrobe mirror – my legs absolutely forced opened by this lithe young body and his round cheeks going up and down between them – it was so *rude*, so unbelievably exciting, and I gasped, 'Oh God, Barry!' And he said, 'That's what I like to see – to actually see you being fucked – ' And my heart was pounding, I couldn't tear my eyes away until he shouted, 'I'm coming, I'm coming,' and I screamed – I actually screamed – and had my orgasm.

Quest: It excited you to see yourself in the mirror?

Nurse: To see myself making love, yes. I'd never seen myself in that way before, so naked; it's hard to describe. I felt so womanly. I remember standing in front of the hall mirror one day, looking at myself and thinking, 'You can't be such an old baggage after all if you can drive a randy young man wild,' and Barry came in – I didn't hear him at all – it gave me such a fright – he just reached his arms round me and began fondling my breasts; I was wearing this awful old sweater, and he said, 'Admiring yourself? So you should, you've got plenty to be proud of.' And I said, 'Oh Barry!' and tried to twist round and kiss him, however he held me there and said, 'No, go on watching,' and he began to knead my breasts and push his hands up under my sweater and squeeze his fingers round my bra and touch my nipples, and I was breathing like a mad thing and leaned back on him and I could feel his stiffness in his trousers, which only made it worse. Then he pulled one hand away and began to lift up the back of my skirt and I said, 'No Barry!' because the hall window looked straight onto the road – there was only a thin net curtain – but he wouldn't let me go; I had to watch as he started to pull down the back of my knickers and I whispered, 'No, Barry, please, please – ' I could see myself shivering in the mirror and I heard his zip undoing and I saw my knickers slip down under my skirt and I could see I couldn't stop him. Then his hands reached between my legs where I was naked and pushed them apart and I glimpsed his thing in the mirror, it was just poking up between them – it looked so cruel and gorgeous – and then it was nudging on the warm inside of my thighs and then inside me and I slipped right back on him, I couldn't hold myself, I was practically fainting – I don't know how I didn't do him an injury. But he pushed me over double and I stopped myself from falling by reaching against the mirror and I saw him, I saw his white hairy thighs slamming into the back of me and I came gorgeously.

Quest: You'd never thought of the visual aspects of sex before Barry?

Nurse: Not at all; I'd always thought only men thought like that. I mean, I don't think I'd like to watch anyone else make love.

Quest: And you suggested a mirror to Jack?

Nurse: He said, 'You must be reading too many of those new women's magazines.' That was all. I remember going downstairs – it was quite late – and looking at myself in the hall mirror again. Barry was at college by then, but I remember what we'd done there and I just knew I was the same woman underneath. I even started touching myself – just through my nightdress – and Jack came up behind me and said, 'What on earth are you doing?' I left the week after that.

Quest: Your present lover doesn't neglect that aspect of lovemaking?

Nurse: It's so ironic. He's a salesman, he sells mirrors – our bedroom wall is covered with them, all at cost price.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three **Representative, 24 years old, town of origin Manchester**

This male interviewee had left school at the age of 18 and worked briefly in a bank before joining a large American-owned import-export firm, which enabled him to travel extensively. He now worked in the clothing trade, sharing a house with two other bachelors.

Quest: You say you found Janet surprising?

Rep: Completely. I never expected to go out with her, let alone get engaged. I didn't even fancy her.

Quest: This was at the party?

Rep: I first saw her at a party – held by a fellow I was at school with; she was with about three other girls I think, one of whom I thought was absolutely fantastic. I spent the whole evening trying to get hold of this woman – until a mate of mine scooped her up without blinking. I ended up in the corner, nursing a beer and found myself talking to Janet – about the other girl. Talk about the great seducer. Which proves my great theory.

Quest: Which is?

Rep: It's women who do all the seducing. Seriously. You can chat some woman up till you're blue in the face, spend a fortune on her but you might as well try and turn back the sea if she hasn't made up her own mind first. And if she has then you can talk gibberish and she'll think you're Einstein – at least till you get home to bed.

Quest: Why didn't you fancy Janet?

Rep: I don't know. I like big blowsy blondes, or I thought I did. She was small and dark; she looked skinny and she didn't seem to have any tits. Her face was all right. I'm trying to be objective. She was very friendly. She started telling me where she worked, how she lived at home – that's when I thought, 'Forget it' for that night – and suddenly she said, 'I live on your way home. Can you drop me off?' So I thought why not, tonight is a write-off anyway. Stuff it. So I drove her home, thinking how quickly I could get rid of her, and we stopped outside but she didn't shift so I started saying how nice it was to have met her and all that rubbish and she started telling me how she had the house to herself until the next day because her parents were staying with friends – this is quite serious – and began to thank me for bringing her home, how kind and so on and I realised she wanted me to kiss her, which I did. And she started snorting like we'd been screwing for the past half hour and suddenly pulled herself away, cried goodbye and vanished up the front path. You know I was halfway up the street before I twigged I'd just sailed through one of the most obvious bloody come-ons I'd ever had, and not noticed a thing! And I couldn't go back, and what was worse I wasn't even sure if I wanted to – .

Quest: But still you asked her out?

Rep: Oh yes; I mean preference only goes so far. If a girl's writhing in her seat after one kiss Christ knows what she'll be like after a decent grope.

Quest: And was she?

Rep: Well, yes. We went to the pictures and had a meal and came back to the house – my house; this was just after I moved in but we all have separate bedsits, so there was no problem; and we sat on the bed with some coffee because, thank God, there isn't anywhere else to sit; and started kissing and knocked over the light, and broke the bulb. I said, 'Christ!' and she said, 'Leave it now' and by that time I had her bra off and was fondling her breasts. We were lying on the bed now in almost complete darkness, and I started to push my hand down the front of her skirt, at the same time kissing and licking her nipples and I felt her stop and start to freeze up, just as I felt the first wisp of pubic hair and I thought, 'Oh no, here come the protestations of innocence,' and she whispered suddenly, 'No, you're going to ruin my skirt,' and pulled away. I sat up sighing and heard her move away across the room. Then there was silence, so I said, 'I can't put the light on for you – there's only the one.' She said, 'Why don't you pull the curtains?' Which were behind the bed, so I crawled over it and yanked them open and turned round and she'd stripped off. All she had on was a pair of knickers and she looked fantastic. She'd only looked skinny because her limbs were quite thin; in fact her boobs were tremendous because she had such a narrow back. She stared at me – just in the moonlight – looking very uneasy. Why, I don't know – no way was I going to throw her out; so I said, 'You look tired; why don't you lie down for a while?' My classic line; and she curled up beside me. It took me about minus four seconds to get my clothes off and I leaned over and kissed her boobs again – her nipples were incredible, like thumbs; I'd never seen any like that before – and she was shaking like a leaf. So very gently I reached down into her crotch and touched the outside of her panties, and she gasped; they were wet through. I massaged her mound very slowly for a long time – it was like touching a furnace, and she started breathing heavier and heavier and giving little shivers but not touching me at all. In the end I began peeling off her knickers, very carefully, and she started twisting about and snorting, like in the car, and I thought, 'Hang on, sunshine – think of Christmas, I can't keep this up,' and they got twisted round her knees because she kept moving them; finally she just kicked them off – kicking me in the thigh – and grabbed me, and practically yanked me aboard. I went straight in, right up to the hilt, and I'm sure she came straightaway; she went stiff as a board and then slumped; I thought she'd fainted, and I was still ready and eager, so I just kept going, slowly and easily, and after a minute or so she stirred and began breathing loudly again and we started screwing at speed until I couldn't hold back; her tits were slapping into me with the effort, and I let go and she gave a little squeal.

Quest: And you began sleeping with her regularly?

Rep: It was odd, because we got on incredibly well in bed, but we always seemed stilted somehow outside of it – which, I suppose, is why it didn't last. She seemed so sort of prim and orderly when we were out sometimes I couldn't believe we'd be fucking each other stupid in an hour or so's time. I saw her two or three times a week; she was round most weekends. And I didn't need to seduce her again – she really wanted to be screwed. She wasn't a virgin; she'd been engaged once before, though apparently it wasn't anything fantastic; she'd still gone on the pill though, thank God. I got the feeling she hadn't been so free in bed before.

Quest: Why was that?

Rep: Things I'd suggest, and she'd take them further. It sounds boastful but I really was teaching her about herself, her body – she even said so. I wanted us to leave the light on, and she wouldn't at first, and I kept saying, 'You're beautiful; I really want to see you in bed,' and after she'd agreed she never wanted to without the light. It was quite an incredible transformation. She started going to the loo in the middle of the night, absolutely starkers; and then she started wanting to see everything.

Quest: See what exactly?

Rep: See us doing it. We'd be screwing away and she'd pull back up on the pillow and look down at my prick going into her and that'd bring on her orgasm. I kept saying, 'You're a bloody voyeur, woman,' and she always laughed and said, 'Don't be silly; I just want to see you loving me.' And when I mentioned the mirror – Tom, one of the fellows who used to be here had a big gilt one in his room – I had to go and buy the damn thing off him.

Quest: She liked the mirror?

Rep: We had it at the end of the bed. It sounds stupid, but she really was obsessed with it. We had to hump over the edge of the bed so she could look over my shoulder and see my bum going up and down; or she'd get on top of me and slide up and down my prick and she was watching herself in the mirror all the time. We even posed in front of it.

Quest: You sound as if it was all hard work.

Rep: It was, in one sense or another. That's how it is; either you're not getting any or you're getting too much. But it wasn't right somehow; I mean, sex is fine – I couldn't make a relationship work without getting my oats – but when it gets obsessive, something feels wrong. It got to the point when I thought I needn't even be there.

Quest: Why did you think that?

Rep: Even though she was on the pill she used to have periods – she thought it was safer that way; and we tended not to screw then, sometimes we did but usually not. We still slept together and we used to masturbate each other. We'd make love, until we were ready to penetrate, then she'd rub me between her boobs and I'd come there; or I'd just play with her lips until she came; which we did in front of the mirror, of course.

Quest: Standing up?

Rep: Yes, I'd fondle her all over while she watched her reflection, then she'd cover my hand while I worked her lips – she didn't like me to touch her clit, she found it was too sensitive. Sometimes I'd sit on the edge of the bed and she'd rest on my knees so my prick was sticking up between her legs and she'd rub it against herself until we both came. That was one of the nicest things. But it got out of hand.

Quest: How?

Rep: It was one weekend, mainly. She'd been unwell, her period; and when we woke up in the morning we found she was better, so we screwed – and I went back to sleep, dozing really – it was very early on a Sunday morning. The next thing I remember is feeling the bed bounce or shift somehow, and I was too tired to see what it was, but then I heard a sharp intake of breath, and I opened my eyes. And Janet wasn't beside me anymore. I sat up then and she was sprawling on the end of the bed, legs wide apart, facing the mirror and touching herself up. I could see her face was flushed in the mirror, and she was staring at herself. I said, 'For God's sake, what are you doing?' without thinking, and she went completely scarlet and twisted round quickly and said, 'Oh blast, I thought you were asleep.' So I said, 'Well, what's happening, couldn't you wake me up?' And we had a row.

Quest: Was that when the relationship ended?

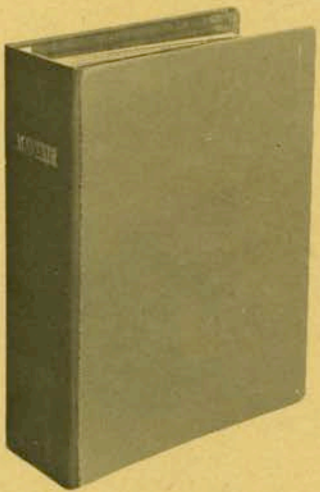
Rep: Not immediately, quite soon though. All we had was a fantastic sex life, and when that started going wrong, there didn't seem much point.

Quest: Was she too narcissistic?

Rep: For me, yes. Some men might like that. I suppose I thought it might be an excuse for the fact I hadn't made it good enough otherwise. I don't really think that. I just don't know.

Quest: Thank you very much.

KEEP YOUR BIRDS HAPPY



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Harvey's Harem Scarums

continued from page 35

smuggling trousered aliens to her lofty nest, the sole male in her life appearing to be a supercilious youth whose spectacled, suspicion glared from the mantelpiece photo when last I called to mend a fuse.

'Sorry to bother you', beams a nuisance as I arrive, breathless, bad tempered, the final flight of stairs lacking carpet or lights. The attic conversion flickering with candles, I diagnoses a power failure and fossicks grumpily through my trusty satchel.

'Oh, dear, Mister Harrison. Such trouble –'

'Harvey, and it's what I'm underpaid for', mutters I, cheesed off with feminine formality.

'My name is Shamilla', she states shyly, attending a gas ring, where pans hubble and hiss, the book-racked pad fumigated with fiery fug. Somewhat of a curry *aficionado*, my flavour buds soon react to the potency brewing. And my otherwise downcast attention notes the flimsy gown my tenant is clad in. The shadow latticed allure of her caramel complexion.

Licking a wooden spoon, she squirms, waggling a boyish rump. 'Too much tamarind. Would you care to taste, Harvey?'

'I wouldn't refuse a fingerbowl full', I shrugs. 'After fixing your faulty connection'.

'Eat first', she commands, rapidly conjuring trays, napkins, crockery, the whole winsome hospitality bit.

Mystified, appetite intrigued at several levels, there being no table I squats on patchwork carpet, facing a guttering radiant, knocking knees with a dusky wraith, who plies me lavishly with mutton vindaloo and bismathi rice, unpretentious and delicious, its supporting cast of condiments assuring me I've swallowed a flame thrower. The quart of Guinness she wisely lets me pour.

'So, Harvey', she murmurs on clearing the debris. 'I expect you are prone to bemusement. At the forwardness of my behaviour'.

'Just prone', I admit, making room for her to huddle, surveying the bone-white grinning fire. Sensing a change of mood, I'm not surprised by her slim shoulders drooping pensively. Trauma in the offing, I sigh, 'Let it rip', both dreading and welcoming the tearful monsoon. But the explanation is more poignant than tragic.

It does Shamilla credit, the way she fillets a sob story to its basic bones. As imagined, she was engaged to the young snoot whose snap I'd glimpsed. His studies in France winding up, he was to visit London shortly. Back in Bombay, the respective families were finalising the wedding preparations. Their match was pre-arranged, when both she and her fiancé were infants, an alliance of birth signs and financial acumen, they being the children of wealthy merchants.

'My parents are hardly savages', she hesitated ruefully when I swore. 'They have assimilated many Western customs. Such as educating me abroad, unchaperoned. But I know other than to defy their will. Neither will Narain'. Laughing miserably, she shook down a crows-wing of hair, profile hidden. 'Three years in the Sorbonne, and his mind remains steadfastly above his navel. When we meet, even in private his kisses are placed correctly. Like chess pieces'.

Realisation tightening, I growled, 'Hang on, Shamilla. Even if take-off's a disaster, you've enough savvy to make it work'.

Shivering, she turned. Gaslight flitted like eerie moths across an anxious face. 'Experience is priceless, Harvey. Love and affection grow from duty, of that I have no fear. But how much more enjoyable a contract will be, if at least one partner is knowledgeable'.

And with that she hiccupped daftly, falling into passive silence. Understanding at last, I couldn't refuse her request. What she was asking, this tomcat was amply qualified to give, and I made damn sure the tutorial was expert. No technical virgin, yet puppy-scared of petting, she trembled, mute and submissive, until with hands and mouth and tweaking toe I took her for a gentle exploration, lazily scouting her thin slightly immature body. Rousing the budding tulip breasts, sucking and blowing an earlobe conch, the glossy hair a jet mantilla, licking and nuzzling we roamed a spittled trail of sensual delights, moaning, kneading, my fingers delicately straying, stroking the moist moss, teasing up tactile sensations, a wild skin message which throbbed and thrummed, her font lathering, deliriously demanding, pouting like a valve for my thumb to linger. Her breathing laboured, now grunting, surrender laced with desire, stretching to animal effort like a whipped mare, her limbs afire, one questing palm prodded impatiently, unzipping and peeling and gauging in molten gasps the tumid wonder she inspired, then kissing homage, worshipping with limpet lips, the gift I offered grasped in a lithe linking of thrusting trunks . . . the first time fierce and the second cruel, a beginner swooned in climax, until I embarked on resuscitation, using my tongue alone to flick and rasp, sparking a sated corpse, igniting savage responses, cleaving again, struggling and thrashing to burrow face down in the feral valley, inhaling a flesh bouquet, exciting her to incite me, madly plunging the abyss like suicides of pleasure . . .

* * *

Two notes were in the hall pigeonholes next morning. Both kept me high on cloud nine. One was a complaint from Room Twenty, sited below the attic, its occupant a mousey librarian, suffering from insomnia and, I suspect, severe envy.

Shamilla's was the second letter, thanking me for the damage to her pad and inhibitions. 'I am procuring textbooks on Dravidrian Priapic Art', it racily concluded. 'They are fully illustrated, Harvey. Fetch your complete toolkit to future lessons'.

Equilibrium muchly restored, I'm having a leisurely shave when the phone rings. This call is long-distance. The Beirut Hilton. Filtered through several oceans, the unmistakable drawl nigh floors me.

'Solly? Son of a gun, what gives? First I'm told you're snuffing it in Switzerland. Now you're laughing from the Levant. My head hurts with the unknown'.

Despite bleeps and crackle, the persona of a likeable crook oozes brashly. 'Harvey, there are times when discretion demands a plaster-cast alibi. Times when even the captains of industry – thank you, poppet – must snatch brief respite, um, from the pressures and turmoil –'

'If this respite-snatching warrants a cover-up', I interrupts, groggy with calculus. 'And if my radar just registered husky giggling. And if your Personal Secretary doesn't know your state of leching health . . .'

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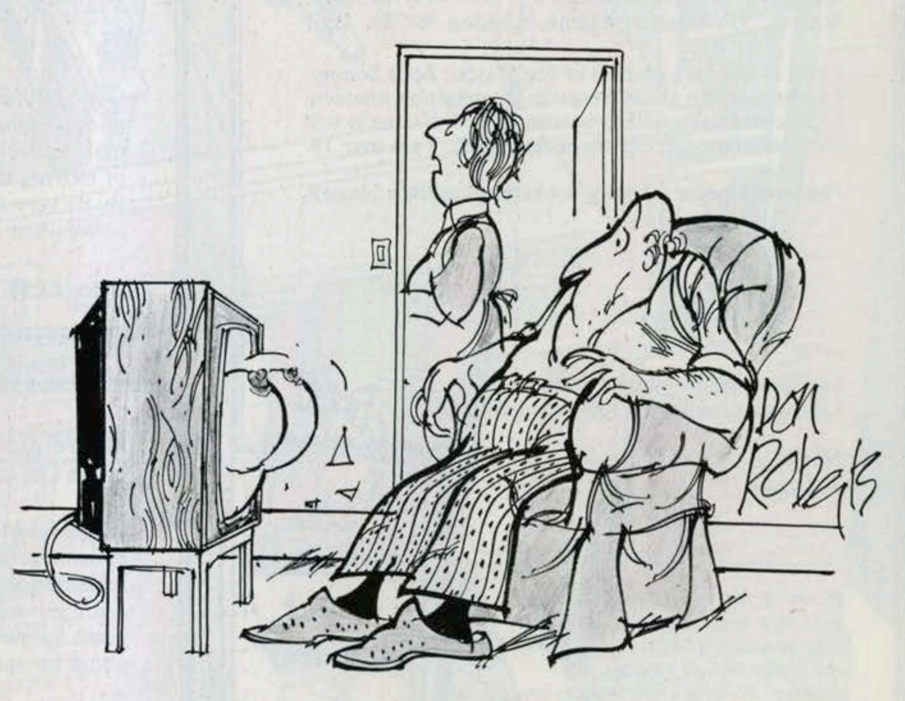

'Anything interesting on telly, Fred?'

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Harvey's Harem Scarums

continued from page 99

'Why haven't we promoted you?' – his confessing chortle sounding gagged, I can visualise the cigar – 'Fine woman, Frobisher, fine. Dependable, loyal, she'll keep balls rolling while I, ah, convalesce . . . Fatima, you naughty houri . . . Harvey, hey operator, are you there?'

'Soldered. Only put me out of one misery, Mister Big. How Personal is or was this Frobisher iceberg with your horny self?'

'. . . Charming companion, reliable, a paragon and well informed –'

'You schmuck. With respect. I'm not hiring Miss Deep Freeze. I just want her off my back'.

'Then quit playing piggy-back, my boy. Slap her paw, show her who does the dictating. Must terminate this now, grand talking to you. Time for my halvah massage . . . why don't we introduce waterbeds to the National Health . . . see you anon'.

'Bring me a sour grape', I reply before disconnection. Stranded on teeming speculations, I give them the slip by sallying forth, elbows and anxieties propped at the Mucky Duck, where chinwag and the price of two ports secure the details of a particular greyhound, whose tipster quality is his bent kennel lad.

Two hours and hallelujahs hence, I relieve Honest Sid The Punters' Scourge of fifty smackers, repairing in style to a Soho club, where the familiarity of my mug guarantees vodka in the vodka I order.

Tanked and twittering, I eventually cabs home.

Lo and gulp. The door to my quarters is ajar. Bonhomie fleeing, the first of many rats, I'm wishing the visitor is ordinary burglars.

Instead of guess-who. Poised by the screened four-poster, calmly inspecting the underwear on display.

'It's a change from matchbox labels', I woozle in sheepishly.

'Rather impressive', Miss Frobisher pivots, hugging the Huntley & Palmers tin. 'There's no denying your handy-manning, Mister Harrison'.

Petrified with composure, she regards a black meshed soup-tureen bra, exhibit nineteen in the wall collage of sampled software. Both lacy cups contain a ballasting coconut, won by my unerring right arm at a recent fair.

Feeling like the proprietor of an avante-garde gallery, one raided by a watch committee chairwoman, I try expressing the various aesthetics of filmy panti-hose and floral kabaya, crotchless scants and slit-thighed cheongsam. Miserably, bashfully, I fail, coughing, 'It started off as a lark, really'.

'Really?'

'Jolly useful decor, what? Concealing no end of damp patches . . .'

'This I can believe'. Haughtily she thrusts the Balmoral Selection at me, its absence of rattle denoting emptiness. 'I have removed the shilling bags of gas meterage, the wads of dog-eared currency. None of the IOUs seem remotely legal. One item however, I am forced to return' – her glare is a laser on my fluster – 'The garment would make an excellent subscription to your harem catalogue'.

From a great height of diminutive scorn she then proceeds to skin and flay me for shoddy bookwork, looseness at this and disgusting laxness at that. 'Your morals I am charitably disregarding', she snaps, sweeping forth with a folder and Harvey in head-hung tow. 'Accurate records are my prime concern, Mister Harrison. Now, let us cease belching and mutually sight every curtain rail and leaky cistern. To whit, all eff and eff worth inventorising'.

Half-cut, flanked, outranked, I'm eff and effing silently, accompanying a bureaucratic bantam on her grand tour of everywhere. Fire hydrants fondled, brasswork clucked at, she puts me through my menial paces. Luckily the place is deserted, or my roost ruling might be subject to demolishment. Oddly enough, the sharpest fishbone in my craw is that she isn't so furious as she could be. She's bitching and sarky and wince-making, yes. But the big act of pencil-pointing and note-taking is flecked with grim amusement.

I fume, catching her twinkled eye as she counts the cracked mullions in the stained glass mural over the main stairs.

'Incidentally, Mister Harrison. Is it coincidence that all residents appear to be of the fairer . . . sex?'

'It's a whopping untruth', I mutter. 'During that motor show we were swarming with honourable Japanese delegations. I was sticking kowtowing dwarfs into ventilation shafts and laundry baskets . . .'

'But you prefer ladies?'

'Solly reckons they're trustier tenants', I recites doggedly.

'And Mister Solomons no doubt advised you on asset stripping . . . what's this?'

This happens to be my very special airing cupboard, adjoining the bathroom. And this marks the spot for a last frustrated stand. If I wasn't still clutching the biscuit tin like some pathetic shield, I'd be erupting aggressively. Instead of blathering, 'It's locked, sealed off. Has been for ages'.

'How peculiar'. Glinting, she prises the jaws of an alligator handbag. 'This clearly labelled master key I discovered in your office. Shall I Open Sesame? Or shall you?'

The moment ensuing is preggers. I know she's got me. She knows I know she's had plenty of snooping time in my absence. Though my temper comes lurching out of the cellar where it's been loitering, it hasn't a monkeys of peaking the pith in her expression.

During the final trickling seconds of a quavering confrontation, I sadly realise that – impersonality and umpteen annoyances apart – this pint-sized pest is a property well preserved, independent, commanding and appreciating with age. Dolled out in a fetching poplin blouse and pleated skirt, her aura of cologne is yummy. Cosmetic bruises, the crowsfeet crinkling her mask of careful make-up I find wrenchingly endearing and it also occurs to me that if her executive portfolio included mistressing, then Solly's current misconduct is lousily low-fi. All in all, remorse swamping resent, I sigh, 'Alright, have it your way'.

Side stepping exposé, I knocks the goddamned biscuit tin against the balustrade. It slips from my grasp. Clattering, the lid springs off. Utter bafflement spills.

Saying not a dickey, Miss Frobisher stiffens.

Fairly agog, I kneel. The frilly knickers I recover. Only I'm fingering enigma, not evidence. This isn't the white scrap once patching Birgitte's plump pudenda. This gingham substitute is a red rag to a run-around bull.

Remaining genuflected, I elevates my gaze past the shapely stumps of ham coloured hosiery. I looks a statue in her pale prim face. Specks of rose anoint her cheeks, a wayward wildfire spreading. The scalp-tingling conviction dropping pennies down my gormless gape is that if opposites don't attract, they sure as hell draw no lines at provocation.

Brazenly precise, sensible shoes sliding, she tilts her pelvis forward, threatening to smother my neck-cricked astonishment in chequered plaid.

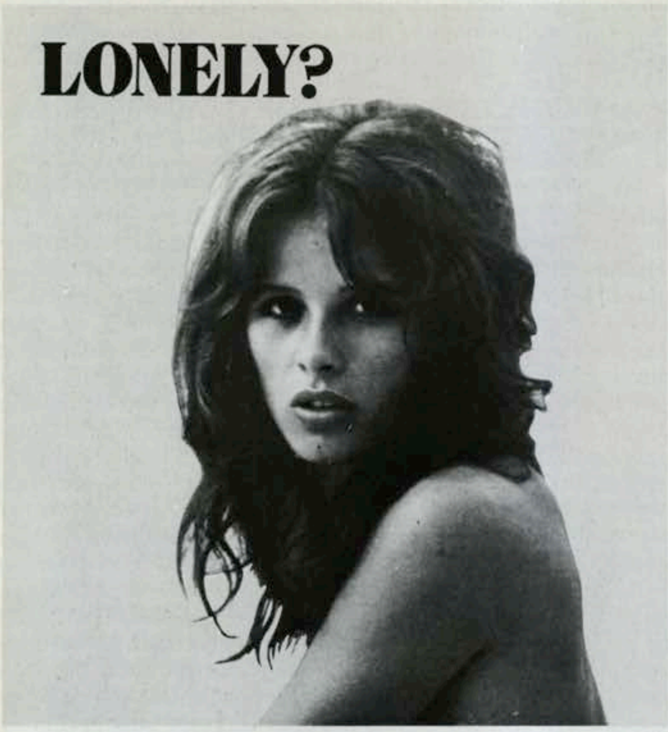
'Miss Frobisher', I squeak, 'Are you the owner of this subscription?'

'Why not find out, Mister Harrison?'

On linoleum, between an umbrella stand and mounted mallards, Harvey does that very thing.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

'Gosh, I never expected a boxed card.'



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LETTERS

continued from page 10

far the most beautiful girls (also the most) of any magazines in the field. I have just one request. Please! Please! Don't change the way you photograph the girls. Too many magazines here in America use soft focus – the blurring effect is no good at all.

I like to look at the totally nude body of a girl – not one obscured in fog, or clothes.

The American magazines also go in for Lesbian stuff. I don't want it. Just pictures of beautiful, naked girls. Girls like Carol (Vol 10 No 8); Barbara (Vol 10 No 7); Annie (Vol 10 No 6) and centregirl Anna (Vol 10 No 5).

I just wanted to tell you what a 26-year-old American reader thinks of your magazine – it's the greatest.

Kevin Martin, Conn, USA

Congratulations on your fine magazine. I am an Australian reader and think that *Mayfair* is really terrific. It beats all other such magazines, particularly the Australian ones, hands down. I personally can't wait to get my *Mayfair* each month, even though it is about six months old by the time it gets here.

The girls you feature are the greatest and the paper you feature them on enhances their enjoyment and sexiness. I simply love the shots of girls with legs wide apart – wish we could see more direct fanny shots though.

O C, Swan Hill, Victoria, Australia

You've collected a pretty remarkable collection of girls in your Christmas issue: Vanessa with her beautiful big pointed breasts; Betsy with just about the most amazing bush I've ever seen; Margit who's simply gorgeous all over and not least Claudette, with that amazing 'crunchiness' of skin which black girls sometimes have. Good value at the price indeed. But I have a couple of gripes. Why did you give the centrespread to Laura – the least exciting of the girls in the issue? Secondly, where have all the really big bosomed girls gone? It's been ages since you've featured a D-cupped pair. I, for one, think the magazine would be richer for a girl measuring 40 inches or over featured every alternate month. But these are just suggestions for improvement. I think *Mayfair* is still at the head of its field.

R P T, Finchley, London

Some months ago I wrote to you to tell you of the time my girlfriend and I witnessed a man fit a huge artificial penis over his own quite sizeable one and then flash it to a group of schoolgirls. As you've never printed it in your super mag which we buy every month just to read the letters, I wonder if your letters are all self-written? A good number of letters are about men with enormous dongs – some take some swallowing – especially that one about the chap who showed his 12 inch weapon to two girls on the downs. I live near the downs but have never been fortunate enough to bump into him. I've had sex with a couple of jockeys, and although tiny in stature, they were well hung where it counts.

Back to your letters. Often they take my fancy, providing me with a randy read. So, with this in mind, let me tell you of the time, two years ago, at the age of 16 when I lost my cherry. It's quite a story.

Even then I was quite experienced sexually, but I drew the line at letting my boyfriends actually make love to me. I wasn't protecting my virginity it was just that I was scared of getting pregnant. (Now, thank goodness, I'm on the Pill, so there's no more messing about.)

One evening I two-timed my boyfriend of the moment and went out with one of his friends. We had a few drinks and were snogging in the back of his car on the downs; things got hectic – my pants and tights were off, his trousers were down and he had just about chewed my nipples off. Then his head went down on my pussy – I do love that. He made no attempt to fuck me as I had put him right about that earlier. It got to the stage where I was stretched out along the back seat with my knees up and legs wide open and he was astride me sitting below my chest with his prick between my tits. (I love it when boys do this, especially if the fellow has a long one, for then I can squeeze my tits round it and at the same time

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MAYFAIR'S FABULOUS FIVE

Five of the sexiest, most delicious dollies ever to grace Mayfair in full colour films for you to enjoy again and again in your home.

CAROLINE *Cool, pert and pretty is Caroline Dell. Mayfair's Girl of the Year in Vol. 4.*

SYLVIA *Sensuous Sylvia Bayo fulfils your erotic fantasies in this sizzling Mayfair film.*

PENNY *Penny Mallett has nothing to hide in a polythene bikini.*

SOPHIE *Soaking uniform; sunny girl. Sophie strips for you.*

VICTORIA *Victoria Jane. Soft, cuddly and very bare.*

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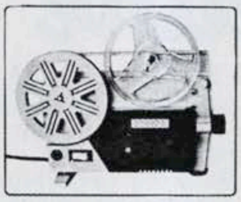

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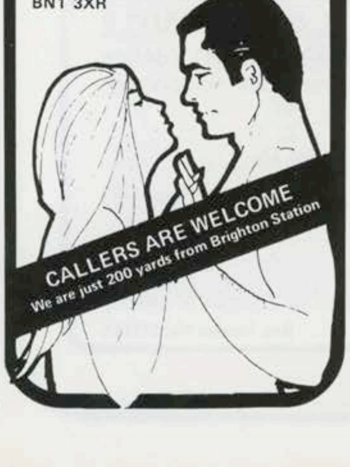

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LETTERS

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work on it with my tongue.) Anyway, we were doing that and his hands were behind him, doing marvellous things to me. Then, all of a sudden, I gave a scream, for a pain like a knife cut through my whole body. The rotten sod had pushed something other than fingers inside me. I sat up and tried to push him off but he held me down with the weight of his body and with one hand while his other hand pushed something in and out of me – further in with every stroke. I was yelling and sort of struggling, but I had to sit back and take it.

I asked him what it was. He laughed and got off me still keeping up the rhythmic motion; I looked down and saw about six inches of candle sticking out of me. I gave a cry as he pushed it in again, then slowly began to pull it out, inch by inch, letting me see how long it was. I soon realised that it was one of those big red candles from Woolworths – and at least a foot long and very, very thick. I felt wonderful relief as he withdrew it from me, almost right out, then I gasped as he rammed it up again. Soon I found myself jerking my whole body in time with his movements.

Later he admitted that he had planned it all. He had rounded off the end and marked it off in inches so he could see how much I was taking. He showed me a mark he had made with a fingernail . . . it was over six inches. When I had got over it he bet I could take more. We agreed to try again in a few nights time. Before *that* evening was out I was taking over eight inches. I had several more sessions with the candle – I hated it when it was first pushed in, as it was so cold – until one night he took me to his flat and said he had a surprise. It was a bright red toy policeman's truncheon, about the same length as the candle but a little thicker. I told him it was lovely but that it would still be cold. 'Oh no it won't,' he said, then surprised me by unscrewing the handle to show the thing was hollow. 'There, we can fill it up with hot water!' How nice it was . . . it had me coming time and time again.

It was soon afterwards that I went on the Pill and had plenty of the real thing, but I have still got my wonderful truncheon and often use it myself when I'm alone and feeling randy. I've even got other boyfriends to use it on me when they have finished too quickly.

Miss J, Banstead, Surrey

In answer to 'Name and address withheld' of Vol 10 No 10 who concluded his unsuccessful aquatic intercourse with the singularly popular expression, 'Balls!' I would like to return the compliment – 'And you too!' Either this poor chap is of the runny-nose, weakling variety or he chose to experiment in the choppy waters of the Outer Hebrides. As I lie here in bed slowly recovering from last night's inebriation I can quite easily recall at least one watery climax which was, I might add, not a wet dream. It took place off the north-east coast of Majorca. The girl, a comely lass, had two extremely delightful bowl-shaped boobs with nipples like shelled walnuts, and went by the doll's house name of Wendy. My invitation to her of an early morning swim to wash the sweat from our bodies following the previous night's torrid love-making was met with an agreeable 'Mmm'. The main part of the beach was bustling with the usual barrage of early morning onion-smelling Spaniards suffering from their customary verbal diarrhoea whilst a nearby cove was seemingly forgotten. Making straight for it we slipped out of what little we had on and ventured waist-deep into the cold sea. I stood as straight as I could in the circumstances and Wendy, using the buoyancy created by the salty Mediterranean lay face up in the water with some additional support from my hands in the small of her back. It was then just a matter of setting our lusting bodies in the appropriate rhythmic motion to achieve what the Rolling Stones couldn't get, without drowning my 'waterbed' partner.

In my opinion sea fucking may soon replace sea fishing and I can foresee that on certain stretches of coastline the following signs could well be erected:

'Deep sea fucking trips leaving the point daily at 9 am' or 'Join us in search for the sperm whale. Bring your own rod,' or even 'No screwing allowed on this pier.'

B H, Croydon

Every year, our firm has its office party on Christmas Eve. This is generally a fun, but rather tame affair which starts around lunchtime and breaks-up some-time during mid-afternoon. We're always well stocked with booze too, though not overmuch, because we'd all feel a bit daft staggering off home as drunk as lords with assorted wives waiting at the end of the line for us to stuff turkeys and wrap presents. Our party this Christmas started off in pretty much its usual fashion. We closed down the switchboard at midday and gathered in one of the large upstairs

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'I see Johnson's just about to get rid of another three-piece suite.'

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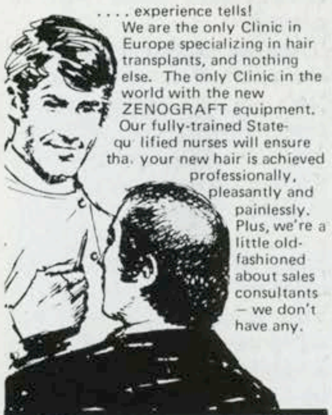

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LETTERS

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offices. I suppose there were about 40 of us altogether including our 15 or so typists. After a fairly stilted start, the drink did its work and soon we were all having a high old time. The party ran its course – there was some fairly half-hearted groping going on and a lot of talk but no real action. Come four o'clock, people started drifting off until there was just myself and a couple of cronies and four of the girls. One of the birds, who'd only joined us a month or so previously, lived quite nearby and she suggested that we all go back for a coffee as her flat was on the way to the station. Seven of us piled into a taxi, a bit of a squash but manageable, and set off. Once there, the girl put on a record and pulled one of the guys onto his feet for a dance. They'd only been dancing for a couple of minutes when the girl said: 'Gosh John, what *are* you sticking in me?' and without more ado plunged her hand down his trousers. John turned pillar-box red and tried to back away, but she pinned him against a wall, muttering that '76 was a leap-year and she might as well get an early start. We all thought this was hilarious and egged her on. She managed to get John's trousers down and was giving him a real good feel when one of the other girls said she thought we were being disgusting and got up and walked out. There was a bit of a stunned silence when she'd gone until Ann, the first girl, said: 'Well, shall we break this up, or shall we be *really* disgusting?' It was an invitation which, to coin a phrase, we couldn't refuse and I guess we had what might be described as an orgy – that is if three couples together qualify for such a description. All my sexual fantasies came to fruition at the same time. I got home incredibly late, incredibly tired and got bollocked by the wife. Who cares? Roll on next Christmas!

(Name and address withheld)

Beats hell out of a partridge in a pear tree, doesn't it?

I am a resident of Hong Kong and my wife and I buy *Mayfair* every month. The letter from the matelot about his experiences here in Hong Kong (Vol 10 No 9) was too hard to take, and prompted me to reply.

I, and my friends, consider that this 'experience' is a pack of lies. No, to be fair, maybe he got so drunk that he imagined it all. Hong Kong is not the great 'sin city' that most people imagine. There are very strict laws about exhibitions of the nature that the writer related and I can assure you that no night club would dare to put on such a show.

The only ones that are allowed any sort of freedom are the private clubs and even then they are very nervous about putting on a full strip tease show. Secondly, I doubt that they would let in a group of drunken sailors.

Another point in his story is where he describes the locals egging the girl on. There are very few locals who would frequent these places. All 'dubious strip clubs', to use his words, are exclusively made to squeeze money from the likes of him. Locals won't touch these places with a barge pole.

The only truth I can find in his story is that he paid £5 in British money. In the red light areas, the girls accept any currency.

I can assure you that I *know* what I am talking about – I am a police officer and have visited these areas both in the course of duty and when showing others round them. They aren't worth visiting for pleasure.

J F Murray, Hong Kong

After reading the joke 'What's 78.4?' and the answer 'Soixante-neuf plus VAT' on the 'Gentlemen, that reminds me . . .' page of Vol 10 No 11, I decided to tell the joke to a few of my friends. Well, as you can probably guess, no one agreed on how much VAT should be charged.

With that in mind I decided to do my own survey. The question was: if Mr Healey decided to put VAT on soixante-neuf what rate should be imposed? The survey revealed the following:

- 16 per cent suggested a figure of over 25 per cent as they claimed they couldn't afford it anyway.
- 27 per cent thought it should be 25 per cent as it was most definitely a luxury.
- 18 per cent thought it should be 8 per cent as it

'What do you usually pay for a girl who saves you from the sickness of despair?'

could not be counted as anything less than essential.

- 30 per cent suggested that it should be zero rated as it was only food for thought.
- 7 per cent were don't knows as they'd never tried the position.
- 2 per cent thought you should be able to claim an 8 per cent rebate for educational expenses.

W C, Canterbury, Kent

You may be surprised to receive a letter from a woman, especially when I admit to buying *Mayfair*, not for my husband's delight, I might add. No! I'm not a Lesbian: the thought of touching another woman below the waist fills me with horror. But ever since I can remember I have been turned-on by pictures of girls with lovely breasts.

I enjoy completely normal sexual relations with my husband and have had numerous affairs but always I return in my mind to a fantasy of a man making love to me whilst I stroke and kiss the breasts and nipples of another girl. Not just any girl – she must have large, jutting breasts with what I can only describe as very 'suckable' nipples. Someone like Vanessa in Vol 10 No 12. She really has the most succulent breasts imaginable. Large and full with not a hint of sagging (drooping ones turn me off completely). Those nipples of hers are just begging to be touched.

I know I sound kinky and I must admit that I have never told a living soul of my peculiarity, for fear of becoming a freak, I suppose.

I hope you understand why I don't put my full name and address. I would be too scared of anyone else knowing of my secret . . . but here I have safety in anonymity. The object in this letter is first to ask you to go on printing such delightful pictures as those of Vanessa and also *please* try to ensure that the pictures taken for the magazine show the girls with their nipples erect and aroused as flat nipples on breasts, however beautiful otherwise, are a bit disappointing.

Mrs J S, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands

I have been a tit man all my days, and it was therefore with some surprise that I found myself at a party getting interested in a girl with fantabulous legs and a beautiful face, but who was a 'tit-less wonder.'

Our relationship developed rapidly (for me) and within a week or two I discovered that she was a virgin and, after another week, had thoroughly rectified this misfortune. To say that she was the best screw I have ever had is to put it more crudely than my actual feelings for her. But sex quickly became an incurable habit and her enthusiastic performance was a source of wonder and delight. She started taking the Pill after her defloration, and to her great surprise and our mutual delight, suddenly developed breasts – and I mean developed! From an optimistic 34 inches, she grew to a quiverin 38 – all in the space of ten weeks or so. What a bonus! Her doctor explained that the hormones in the Pill had stimulated her latent and belated bust development. And now she's got the most gorgeous pair of boobs and has retained all her other unsurpassed capabilities.

Apart from that, we get on very well together in the intervals between having sex, and we are getting married.

Would you believe that on top of that I've just had a big pools win?

R Thomson, Kirkcaldy

Sounds as though you've really got your hands full, R T

Being from the Continent – from Castel Franco, near Milan – may I say how glad I was to see the truly beautiful Clare in *Mayfair* Vol 10 No 9. The reason? Well, complementing her ample pubic bush she has, what looks like, a sprout of growth under her arm.

Mostly, English girls go to elaborate lengths to shave off any excess body hair, buying razors and creams and spending many hours preparing themselves. To me, this does absolutely nothing. You see I have been brought up in an environment where underarm hair is taken for granted and personally I find the naked version as off-putting as probably Englishmen find girls *with* underarm hair.

G Rossi, Castel Franco, Italy

I think your readers may be interested in an experience I had recently, as it demonstrates quite clearly a facet of

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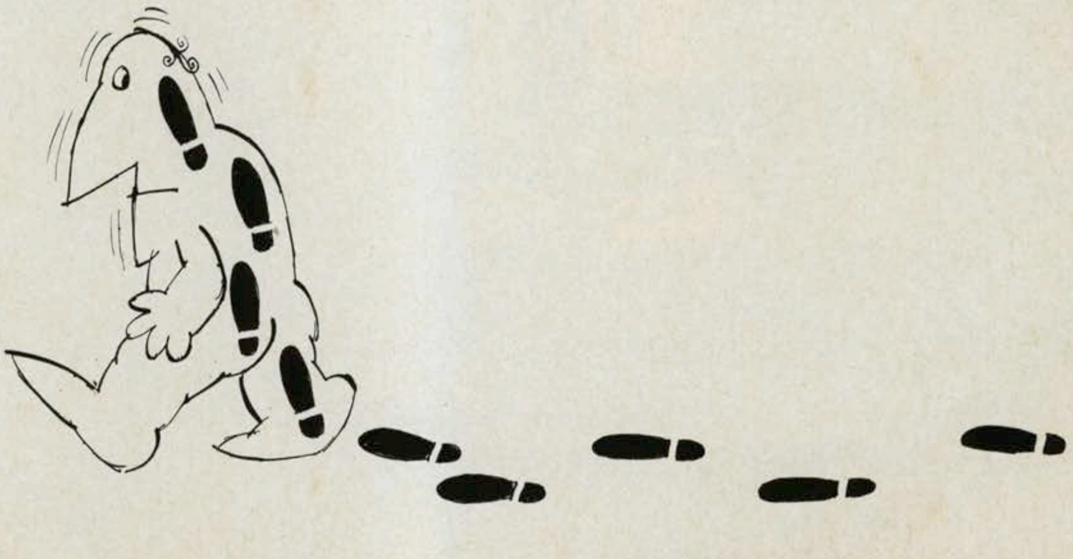

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LETTERS

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female sexuality. Driving in Cornwall, I picked up two girls thumbing it to Penzance. They turned out to be Spanish and on holiday here. As it was getting dark and we were still about 40 or so miles away from their destination, I suggested that they stay in my flat for the night, payment being a cooked meal.

They agreed and I was delighted with their activities in the kitchen – their cooking of steak was much better than what I usually got at home from my wife who, incidentally, was in London at the time. A couple of bottles of wine later, I was ready for bed and we wished each other good night. I was just nodding off when these two dollies appeared and climbed into bed with me, one on each side. To cut a long story short I enjoyed a night of sex, the likes of which I had not experienced before, or since for that matter. Fellatio seemed the order of the night with one of them going to work on my testicles and the other performing well with her tongue on my nine iron.

I had everything that night: two girls, one with shaven bush, and personally I'm not fussy if it's with or without, the only thing that would have made it better was if one of these beauties had been black and sexy like Sylvia Bayo.

This experience illustrates the complete sexual freedom many women gain when away from home when they can have sex with complete anonymity. I mean that in most cases after these one night stands, the parties never come across each other again.

(Name and address witheld)

What an absolutely fabulous set of photographs of the most delightful and gorgeous Mary Rankin (Vol 10 No 11). Surely it had something to suit the varied tastes of every reader, from the boob fanciers to bottom droolers, from feather fanatics to suspender belt, garter and stocking worshippers.

Myself, I am a dedicated bottom man and in my opinion Mary has the most delectable bum of the many hundreds I have seen. Even adorned – or partly – by those decidedly sexy pink French knickers with brown lace edgings, she is to me the Miss with the mostest.

A B E, Birmingham

ANNABEL OFFERS A GREAT DEAL

Annabel Blake (Vol. 7 No. 11) is only one of the nude delights in Mayfair's five issue bargain deal. For £2.00 we'll send you Vol. 7 Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12 and Vol. 8 No. 2.

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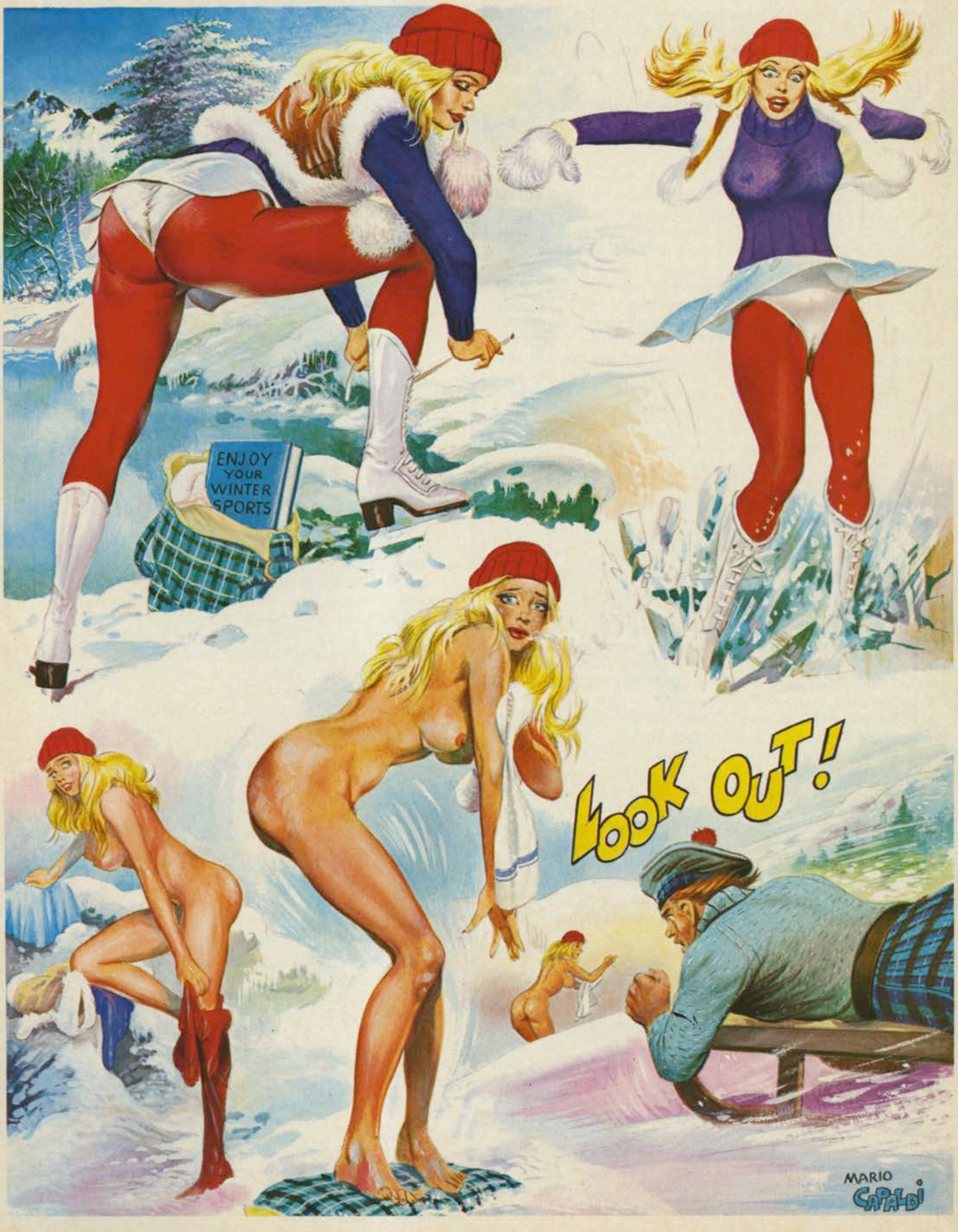
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MARIO CAPALDI

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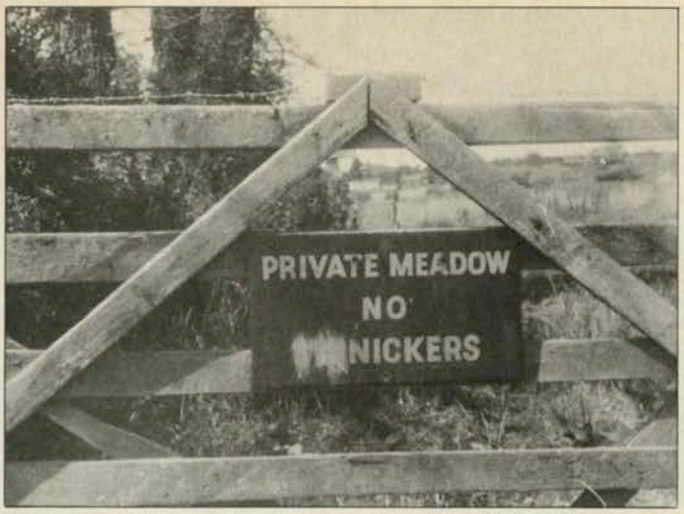
LETTERS

continued from page 109

we sat back to listen to the stereo, him between Jan and I on the sofa. It was then that I plucked up enough courage to kiss him. A long and lingering kiss it was – I forced my tongue into his mouth, deep, and moved my hand down to caress the front of his trousers. It was erect in no time and he was soon helping me off with my clothes. When I was nude, I started to undress our teacher, all the time massaging his stiff red penis. Jan, who had been watching all this time, could contain herself no longer – and I don't blame her, up till then I was having all the fun – and stripped off nude too, then went down and took his penis into her mouth. The poor chap came then and there – I don't think he was all that experienced himself. And thus ended that evening.

We didn't speak to each other for a couple of days at school but then one Saturday I bumped into him in town and he asked me out. I was flattered and that night we went out for the first time, to a disco then went back to his place where I had my first screw. We've never had sex at school – that would just about be the end of us . . . far too dangerous. Other girls have told me that they've had sex with the boys, not all of them I presume, from the boys' grammar school which is nearby. The only other experience I had was when I was 15 I met a boy from the school who paid me to let him see my pussy. We went to a cemetery, there was no one about, but I had to push him off when he actually touched me down there. In hind sight, I now rather wish I hadn't, as I believe that no chance of sex should ever be passed up.
Miss V G (address withheld)

We spent a delightful holiday in Elmey Castle, Worcestershire, last summer and whilst parked outside the village store my wife drew my attention to a very attractive girl on horseback. An hour or two later I was reading my previously unopened copy of *Mayfair* to find the very same girl gracing your pages, and subsequently, I believe, causing a bit of a stir in the national press. Any wonder? Later that day I took the photograph (left) at nearby Eckington Bridge. Perhaps Jill's fame preceded her.
A W, Great Bookham, Surrey



My boyfriend's greatest kick is to make love out of doors. I must admit that I don't exactly dislike it, but I find it very uncomfy when we make love in a field, as we did several times last summer, and my bum gets practically speared to death by all the corn and wheat stubble. I've mentioned this to my boyfriend, but he says that my contortions and writhings make things really enjoyable for him. Any ideas how I can get him away from wheatfields and onto something more comfortable like grass?
Miss G D, Spalding, Lincs

Your boyfriend's predeliction for amatory adventures amongst fledgling cornflakes has us stumped. But as Confucius said: 'When reap is inevitable, lie back and enjoy it.'

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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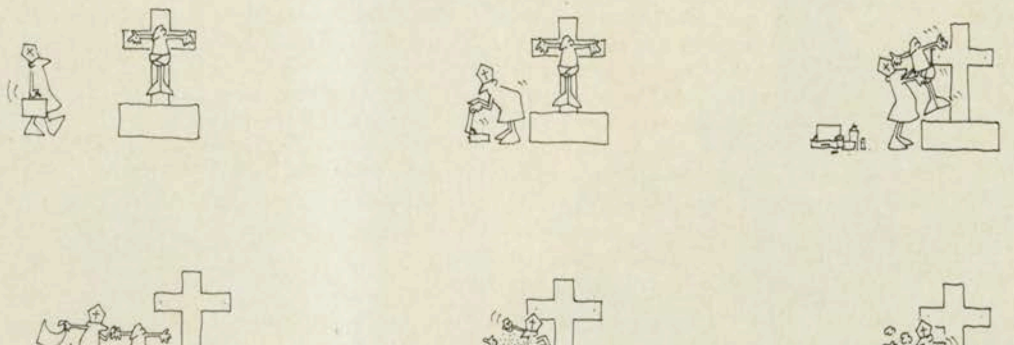

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